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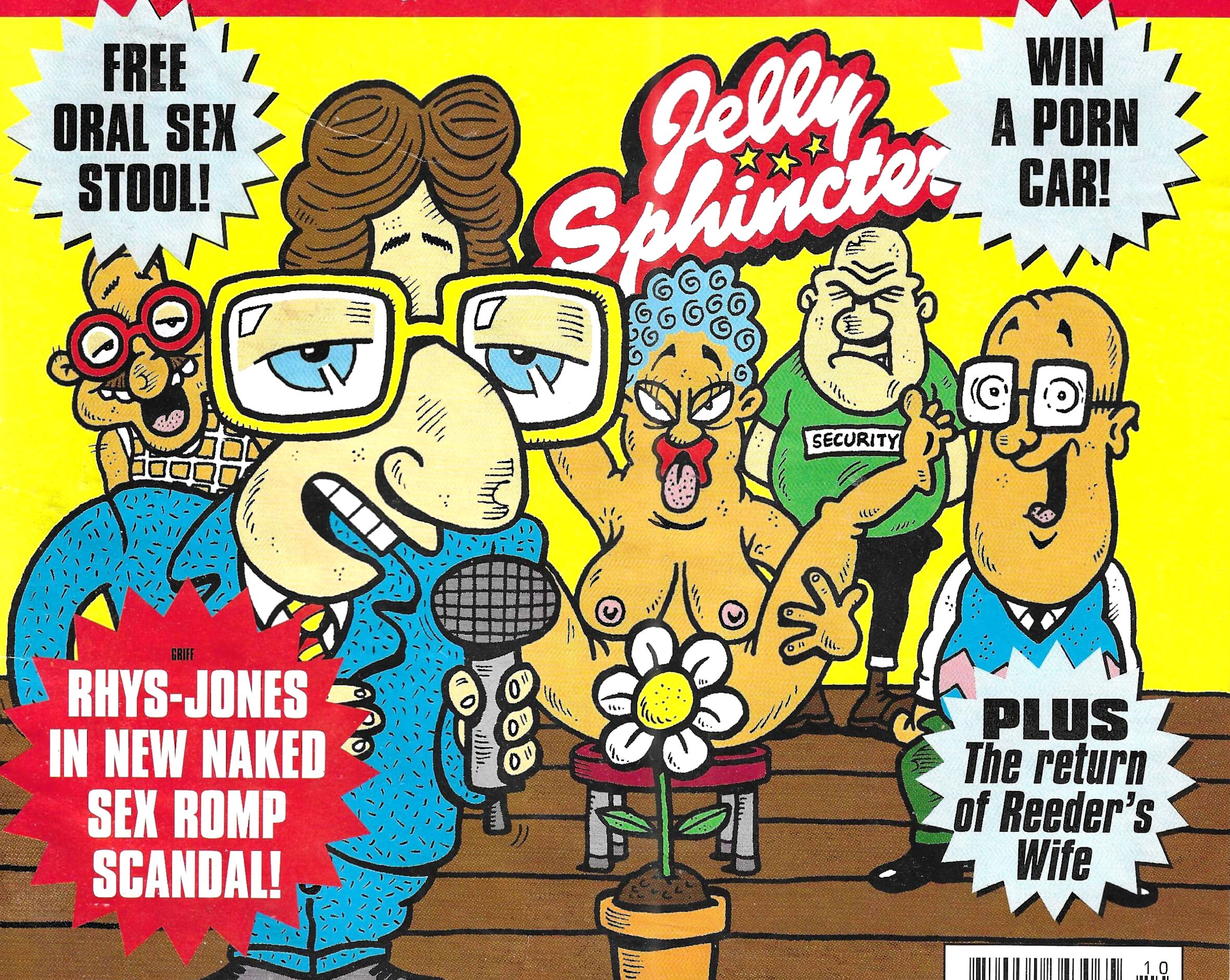

GRIFF RHYS-JONES IN NEW NAKED SEX ROMP SCANDAL!

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The return of Reeder's Wife

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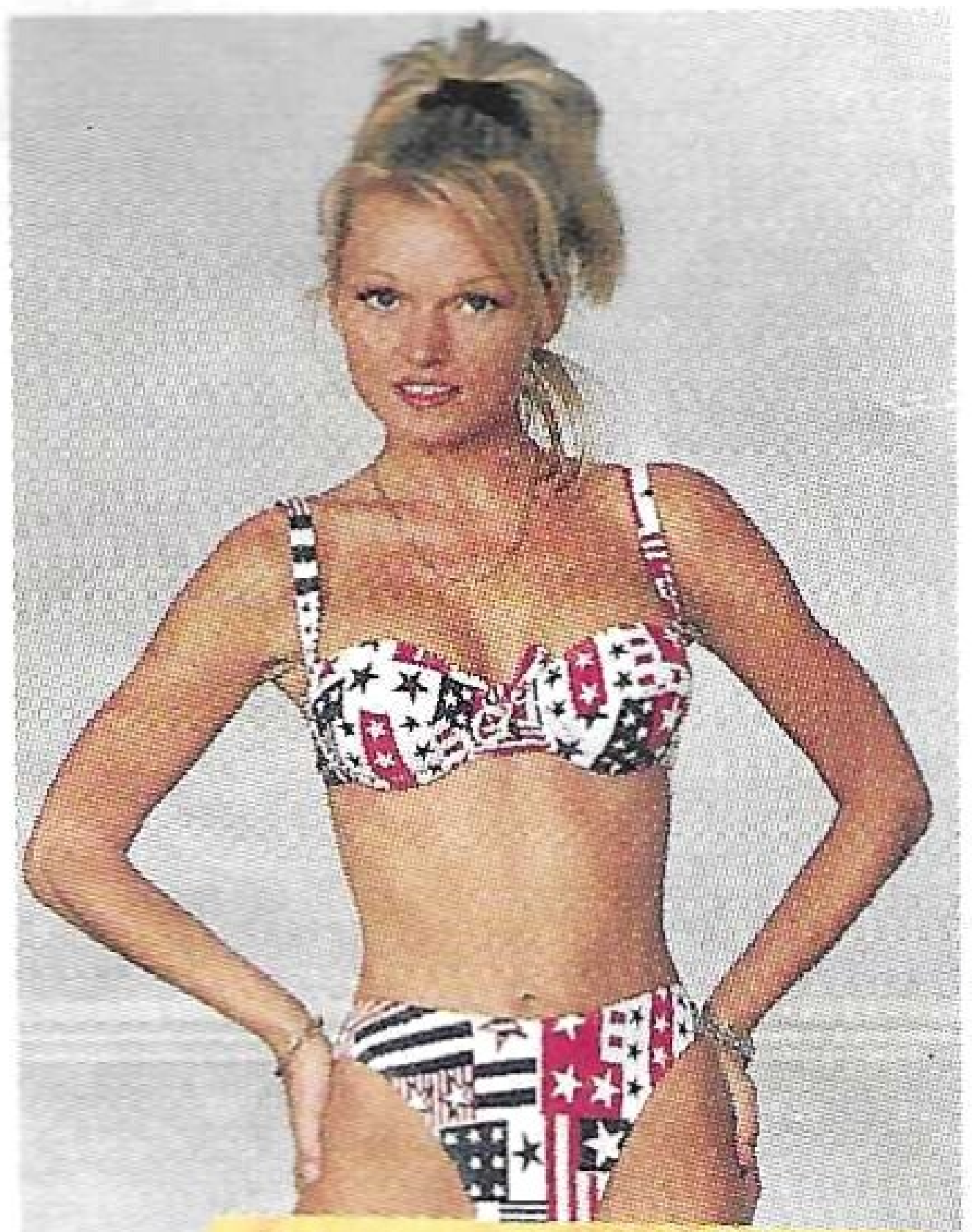
Louise
Levall
A301

Zoe A106

Caroline A253



Hannah A105

Shakina A305

Anika V857

Lena A164

Louise Hodges V810

Angela A26

Fiona Cooper,
Freepost HX2465,
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Halifax
West Yorks,
HX6 1BR

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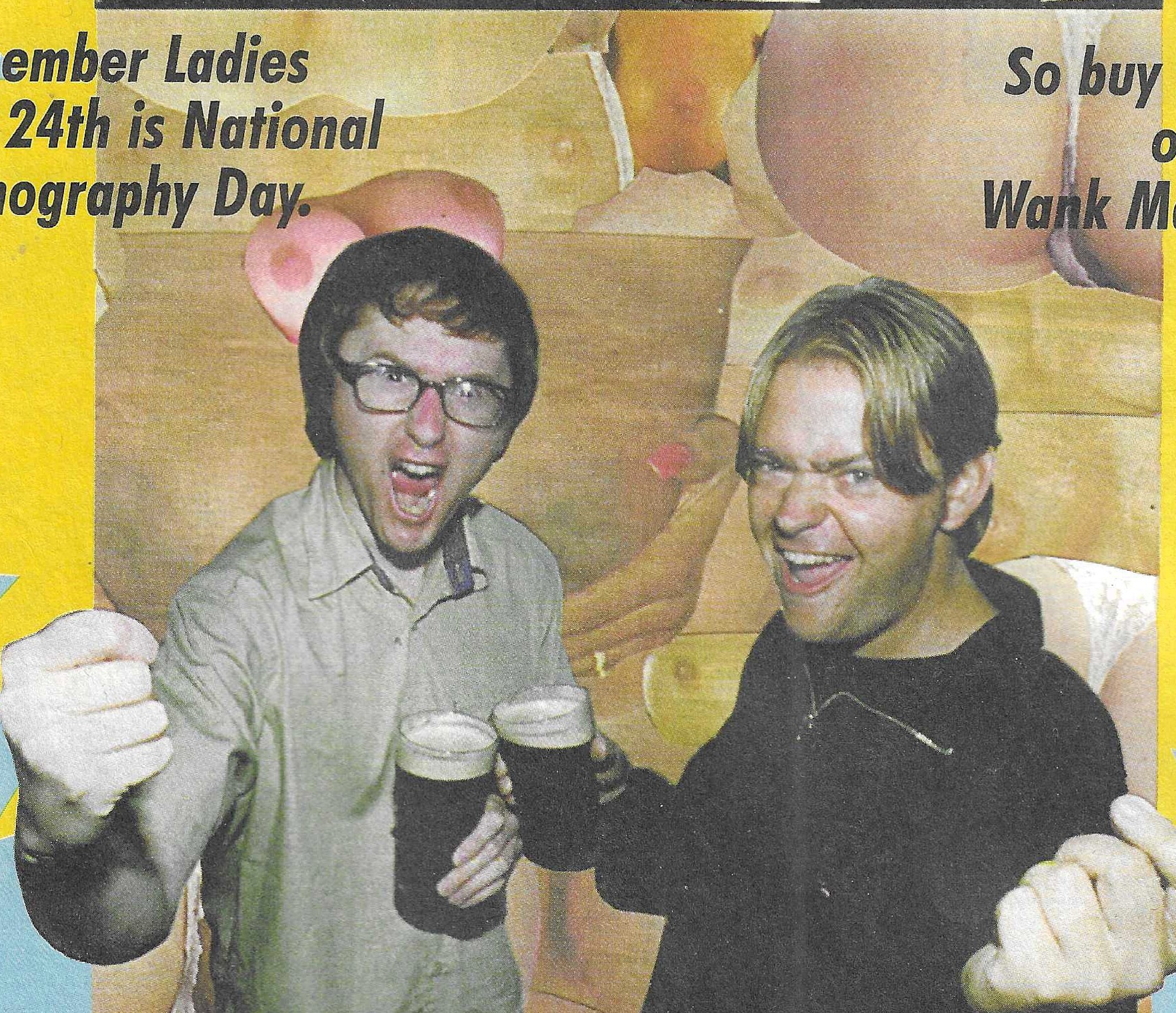
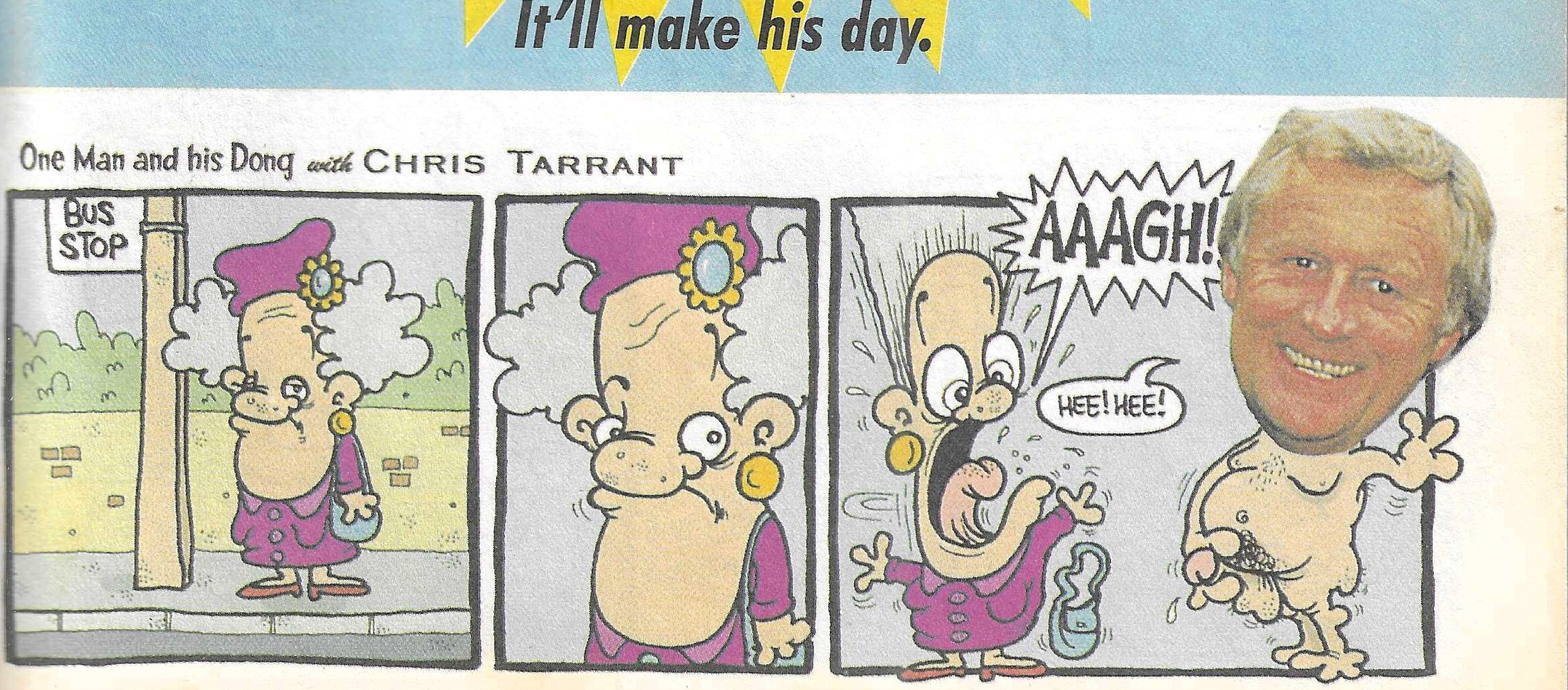


Remember Ladies July 24th is National Pornography Day.

So buy that man of yours a Wank Mag, bitch.

It'll make his day.

One Man and his Dong *with* CHRIS TARRANT


BUS STOP
AAAGH!
HEE! HEE!

BATMAN 2020 A.D.

..AND SO, COMMISSIONER GORDON, IF YOU'LL LOOK AT THESE FIGURES, YOU'LL SEE THAT CRIME HAS BEEN ALMOST WIPED OUT IN GOTHAM CITY...
POLICE DEPT.
OUTSTANDING!..
THUMP!
..WHAT THE!?
HUHN?!..
SQUEEEK!
OH CHRIST.. GET THAT, WILL YOU, HUMPHRIES...
..ARE YOU ALRIGHT, SIR?..
:COUGH!: :WHEEZE!: YES..YES THANK YOU...
..BATMAN..TO WHAT DO WE OWE THIS UNEXPECTED........ PLEASURE?
WHAT?..
..WHY ARE YOU HERE BATMAN?..
YOU CALLED ME, DIDN'T YOU?..
NO, I DID'NT...
..YES YOU DID...
..WE DIS-CONNECTED THE BATPHONE 20 YEARS AGO BECAUSE IT WAS'NT COMPATIBLE WITH OUR DIGITAL NETWORK, AND WE STOPPED USING THAT BAT-SIGNAL LIGHT IN THE SKY THING AFTER IT DAZZLED THE PILOT OF THAT 747 AND CAUSED THE DEATHS OF ALL THOSE PASSENGERS....
IT MATTERS NOT... THERE'S CRIME IN GOTHAM CITY, AND I'M....
..ACTUALLY WE'VE WIPED OUT CRIME..
..WHAT?.
..TAKE A LOOK AT THESE FIGURES
..WHERE ARE MY GLASSES... RIGHT... LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THESE 'FIGURES'....
..HAH! JUST AS I EXPECTED!
..THIS IS AN EVIL PLOT HATCHED BY MY ARCH NEMESIS THE JOKER
..NOW.. WHAT'S HE UP TO THIS TIME...
..FUCKS SAKE...
WATCH TOWER
..WHILE SERVING HIS 40 YEARS SENTENCE, THE JOKER BECAME A JEHOVA WITNESS.. ALL HE GETS UP TO THESE DAYS IS BOTHERING PEOPLE WITH PAMPHLETS...

..MAYBE I SHOULD SPEAK WITH YOUR FATHER ABOUT THIS.. HE WAS ALWAYS..
..DAD DIED 15 YEARS AGO, BRUCE...YOU GAVE THE READING AT THE FUNERAL..
I KNEW THAT!!..
..WAIT A MOMENT!!
..YOU CALLED ME BRUCE!! MY IDENTITY IS THIS CITY'S BEST KEPT SECRET!!
AAAGH!!!
R-R-RIP!
..UNTIL YOU GOT YOUR CAPE CAUGHT IN THE STANNAH STAIR-LIFT AT THE TOWN HALL...... LISTEN TO ME, BATMAN....
..WE'VE LICKED CRIME WITH STUFF LIKE C.C.T.V. AND ELECTRONIC TAGGING, STUFF LIKE THAT...
B.B..UT...
..YOU'RE EIGHTY YEARS OLD... IT REALLY IS TIME TO HANG UP YOUR TIGHTS... AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT...
..THERE APPEARS TO BE A DAMP PATCH IN THEM....
YES.. I FORGOT TO PUT MY BAT INCONTINENCE PANTS ON.....
..BUT YOU'RE A FOOL IF YOU THINK YOU'VE DEFEATED EVIL, COMMISSIONER!..
..GOTHAM WILL NEED ME AGAIN... I'LL BET NEXT WEEK'S PENSION ON IT!!......
...FAREWELL COMMISSIONER...
..I'M SORRY, I WONDER IF YOU COULD..?
YES, OF COURSE
..THANK YOU..
..NOT AT ALL....
OHHH GOD.. I FEEL TERRIBLE, NOW... WAS I TOO HARSH WITH HIM, HUMPHRIES?..
ALRIGHT?
OH NO SIR...
...AFTER ALL.. IT'S THE VALUES HE REPRESENTS THAT MADE THIS COUNTRY WHAT IT IS...
..HE SPENT HIS LIFE FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE ON THESE DARK, DANGEROUS STREETS... ..AN ANONYMOUS HERO OF OUR TIME... WE CAN NEVER REPAY THE DEBT WE OWE THAT HONEST BRAVE..
BREEP! BREEP!
SIR.. IT'S RECEPTION.. APPARENTLY BATMAN ACCIDENTALLY REVERSED THE BATMOBILE INTO YOUR B.M.W...
..FUCKIN' SENILE, PISS-STINKIN' OLD CUNT!! I WANT HIM CRUSHED TO DEATH!! DO YOU HEAR ME, HUMPHRIES? -TO DEATH!!
...YES SIR...
The end..

Jelly Sphincter
HELLO
WHOOP!
YEH!
ALRIGHT!
PLEASE WELCOME LEROY TO THE STAGE...
DER...
NOW LEROY HAS A DIRTY SECRET. AND FOR SOME REASON, HE FEELS THE NEED TO CONFESS THIS SECRET TO HIS WIFE AND SISTER ON NATIONAL T.V...
...PLEASE WELCOME CORBETH - LEROY'S WIFE AND SISTER...
Jelly Sphincter
WHOOP!
WAY TO GO!
RIGHT ON SISTER!
SO TELL ME CORBETH, HOW LONG HAVE YOU TWO BEEN MARRIED?
SINCE WE WUZ 3 JELLY
AND HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT LEROY'S DIRTY SECRET MIGHT BE?
NO JELLY, I DO NOT
WELL PERHAPS LEROY BETTER TELL US...
WELL JELLY, EVER SINCE THE BIRTH OF OUR 18TH. SON - 'BILLY JIM JOEY BOB' - I'VE BEEN HAVING AN EXTRA-MARITAL AFFAIR...
THAT'S NOT DIRTY ENOUGH LEROY, WE NEED MORE
HER NAME'S, MAY-BELLE AND WE'VE BEEN INDULGING IN DEPRAVED SEXUAL ANTICS FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS
GASP!
HISS!
BOO!
AND MAY WE ENQUIRE AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS HARLOT, LEROY?
SHE'S SITTING ON MY LAP JELLY
IN FACT I'VE GOT MY BLEEP RAMMED UP HER BLEEP AS WE SPEAK
SO WHAT'S YOUR REACTION TO THAT CORBETH?
YEE-HA!
GRAB
POP
CLENCH
YOU KNOW, A RELATIONSHIP IS A LOT LIKE HAVING A GOOD DUMP FUN WHILE IT LASTS, BUT ALL YOU END UP WITH IS A HUGE PILE OF SHIT...
...TOMORROW WE'LL BE TACKLING THE DELICATE SUBJECT OF RACISM...
Jelly's Final Thought
..SO JOIN US, AS THE HEAD OF THE KU-KLUX-KLAN AND ICE T, FIGHT TO THE DEATH IN TELLYTUBBY COSTUMES...
I'LL WHUP YOUR BLACK HIDE NIGGER!
YOUR ASS IS MINE MUTHA-FUCKIN' WHITE BOY!
JE-LEE
JE-LEE
JE-LEE
JE-LEE
© DAVE IDDON. 1999.

Say "Eh Oh" to Wacky Baccy

BBC SET TO UNVEIL NEW TELLY TUBBY

• Over the hills and far away, Tellytubbies come out to play, drink Special Brew and smoke pot.

Concerned at recent dwindling viewing figures, the producers of TV's Tellytubbies, are planning a major revamp of the show.

A Tubby insider told us, "Its all very well appealing to pre-school children, but we're tired of being labelled the 'Boyzone' of TV. We plan to be the 'U2', or 'Motorhead', or that other popular beat group of the moment, 'Fat Boy Jim'."

• MacGowan. Here comes the sun.

We can exclusively reveal that several bold new storylines have been planned to draw in a wider audience. Including an episode in which handbag toting Tinky Winky is finally forced out of the closet after being caught canoodling with Dipsy in a bath full of tubby custard.

A number of new Tubbys are also believed to be in the pipeline. The first to make an appearance being, 'Wacky Baccy', an unemployed drug dealer who gets Po hooked on crack.

Other new characters will include, 'Drinky Winky', a bitter old wino who wets himself on a regular basis and shouts obscenities at the rabbits, and 'Sponk', who just sits in the corner quietly wanking.

Dawn French

The insider explained, "We're not turning our backs on the hardcore audience. There'll still be lots of dancing and fannying about to keep the babys and students happy. What we will be attempting to do however, is tackle some more serious social issues as well. Poverty, racial intolerance and buggery for example."

In another major upheaval, the sinister laughing babyhead which floats around the sky pretending to be the sun, is set to be axed and replaced by a cackling Shane MacGowan.

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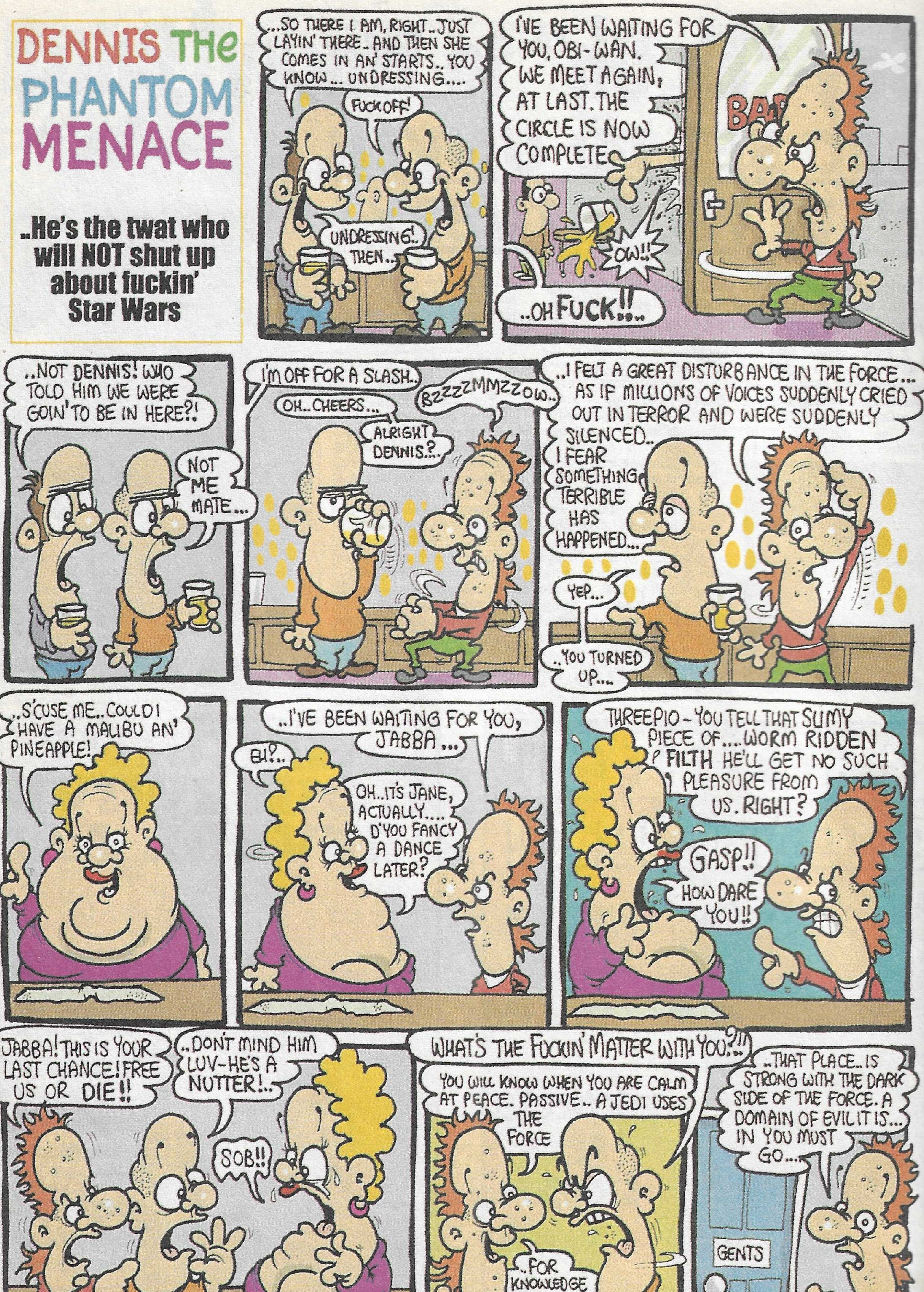
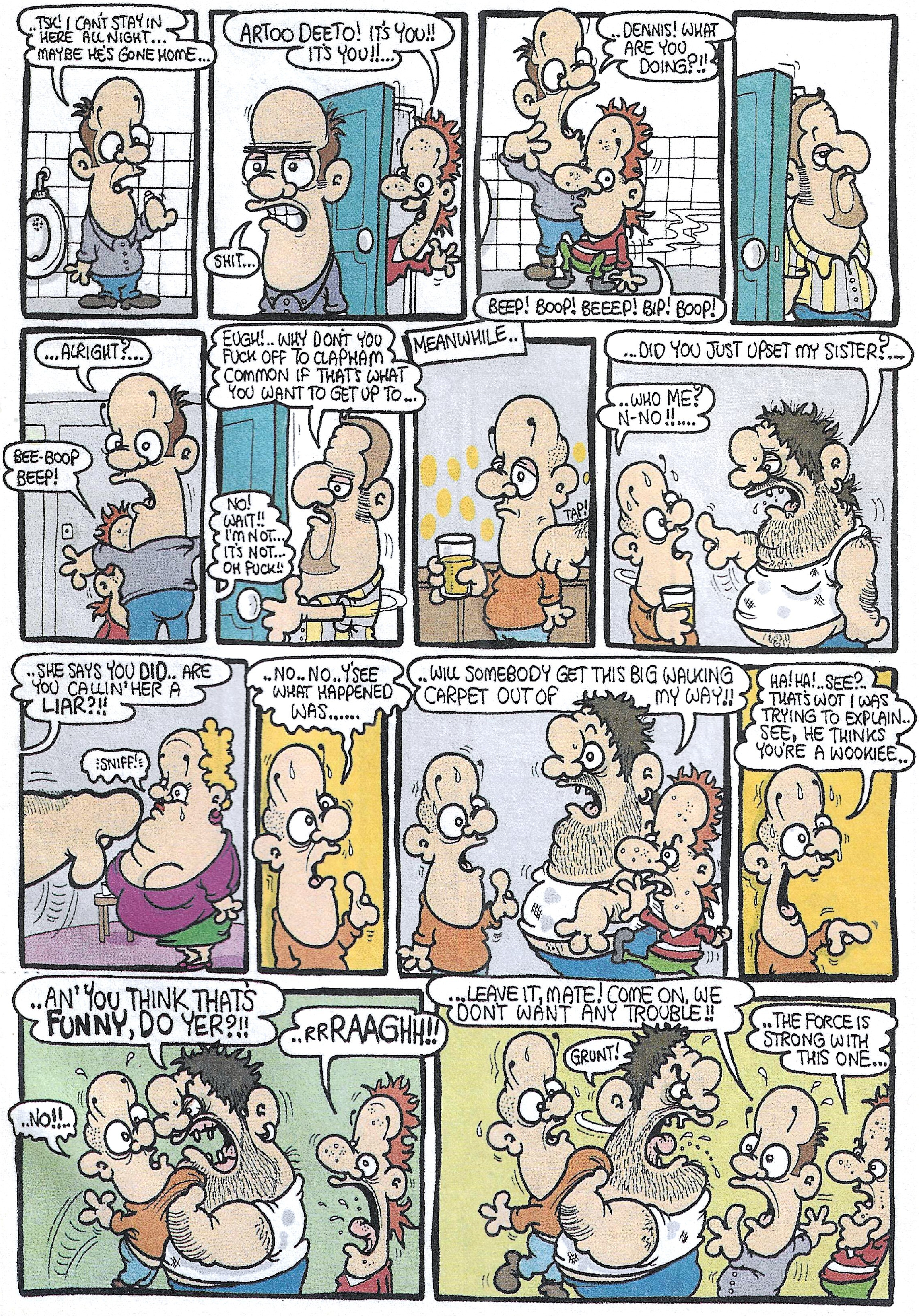
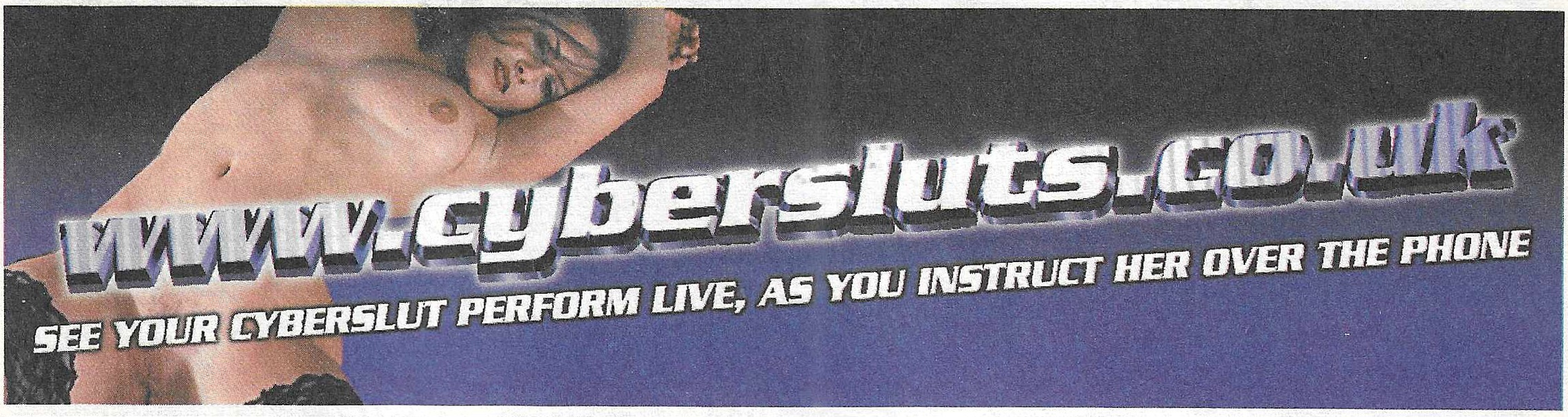
DENNIS The PHANTOM MENACE

..He's the twat who will NOT shut up about fuckin' Star Wars


...SO THERE I AM, RIGHT.. JUST LAYIN' THERE.. AND THEN SHE COMES IN AN' STARTS.. YOU KNOW... UNDRESSING....
FUCK OFF!
UNDRESSING!.. THEN..
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, OBI-WAN. WE MEET AGAIN, AT LAST. THE CIRCLE IS NOW COMPLETE
BA
OW!!
..OH FUCK!!..
..NOT DENNIS! WHO TOLD HIM WE WERE GOIN' TO BE IN HERE?!
NOT ME MATE...
I'M OFF FOR A SLASH..
OH.. CHEERS...
ALRIGHT DENNIS..?..
BZZZZMMZZOW..
..I FELT A GREAT DISTURBANCE IN THE FORCE... AS IF MILLIONS OF VOICES SUDDENLY CRIED OUT IN TERROR AND WERE SUDDENLY SILENCED.. I FEAR SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED...
YEP...
..YOU TURNED UP....
..S'CUSE ME.. COULD I HAVE A MALIBU AN' PINEAPPLE!
..I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, JABBA...
EH?..
OH.. IT'S JANE, ACTUALLY.... D'YOU FANCY A DANCE LATER?
THREEPIO - YOU TELL THAT SLIMY PIECE OF.... WORM RIDDEN FILTH HE'LL GET NO SUCH PLEASURE FROM US. RIGHT?
GASP!!
HOW DARE YOU!!
JABBA! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! FREE US OR DIE!!
..DON'T MIND HIM LUV - HE'S A NUTTER!..
SOB!!
WHAT'S THE FUCKIN' MATTER WITH YOU?!!
YOU WILL KNOW WHEN YOU ARE CALM AT PEACE. PASSIVE.. A JEDI USES THE FORCE
..FOR KNOWLEDGE NEVER ATTACK
..THAT PLACE.. IS STRONG WITH THE DARK SIDE OF THE FORCE. A DOMAIN OF EVIL IT IS... IN YOU MUST GO....
GENTS


..TSK! I CAN'T STAY IN HERE ALL NIGHT... MAYBE HE'S GONE HOME...
ARTOO DEETO! IT'S YOU!! IT'S YOU!!..
SHIT...
..DENNIS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!!
BEEP! BOOP! BEEEP! BIP! BOOP!
...ALRIGHT?...
BEE-BOOP BEEP!
EUGH!.. WHY DON'T YOU FUCK OFF TO CLAPHAM COMMON IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO GET UP TO...
NO! WAIT!! I'M NOT... IT'S NOT... OH FUCK!!
MEANWHILE..
TAP!
...DID YOU JUST UPSET MY SISTER?...
..WHO ME? N-NO!!....
..SHE SAYS YOU DID.. ARE YOU CALLIN' HER A LIAR?!!
SNIFF!
..NO..NO..Y'SEE WHAT HAPPENED WAS......
..WILL SOMEBODY GET THIS BIG WALKING CARPET OUT OF MY WAY!!
HA! HA!..SEE?.. THAT'S WOT I WAS TRYING TO EXPLAIN.. SEE, HE THINKS YOU'RE A WOOKIEE..
..AN' YOU THINK THAT'S FUNNY, DO YER?!!
..NO!!..
..RRRAAGHH!!
...LEAVE IT, MATE! COME ON, WE DONT WANT ANY TROUBLE!!
GRUNT!
..THE FORCE IS STRONG WITH THIS ONE...

..AN' WHO ARE YOU?...
..I'VE JUST SEEN HIM WITH SOME BLOKE SUCKIN' HIS COCK IN THE TOILETS..
CRUNCH!
BIFF! CRACK! WHAC! SMACK! BOP!
..USE THE FORCE, LUKE...
SHORTLY..
EE-OO EEEOOOEEO
WHINE
WHINE
...HOW LONG BEFORE YOU CAN MAKE THE JUMP TO LIGHT SPEED?..
AND
QUICK!! I NEED ADRENALIN AND FIVE UNITS OF PLASMA...
THE TRACTOR BEAM IS COUPLED TO THE MAIN REACTOR IN SEVEN LOCATIONS. A POWER LOSS AT ONE OF THE TERMINALS WILL ALLOW THE SHIP TO LEAVE....
..AND GET HIM OUT OF HERE!!
BEEP!
..YOU MUST REPAIR HIM! SIR, IF ANY OF MY CIRCUITS OR GEARS WILL HELP, I'LL GLADLY DONATE THEM!!
THIS WAY...
JEEZUS..
..BZZZZZ ZZ OWW WWZZZ...
..ZZZ OWWZZ MMM...
C3PO
..THAT YOU, DENNIS?..
..WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, THEN?..DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME?...
..TSK! I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT BOY, DARTH...
..LEAVE HIM BE, PET...HE'S A TEENAGER, ISN'T HE....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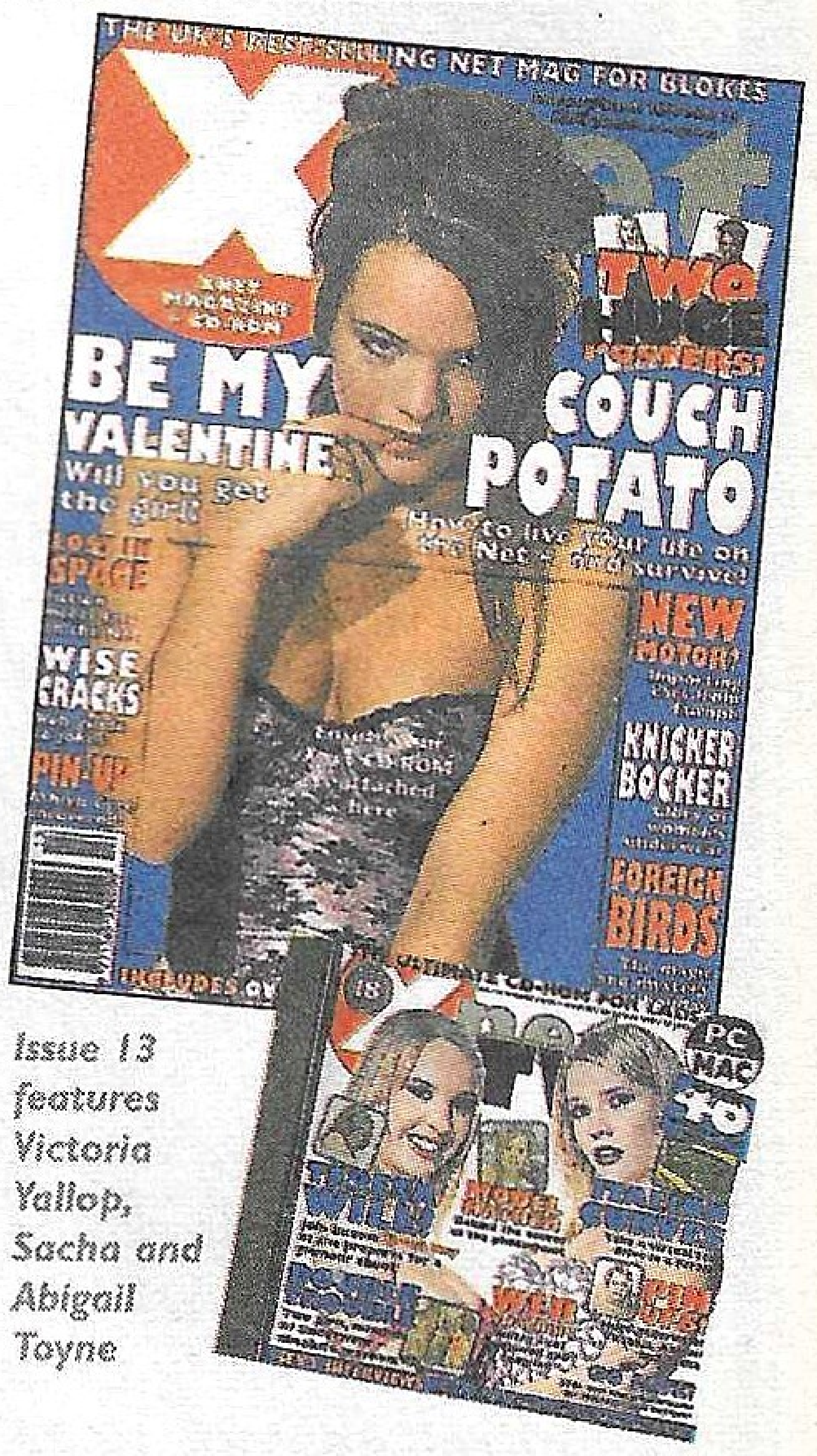
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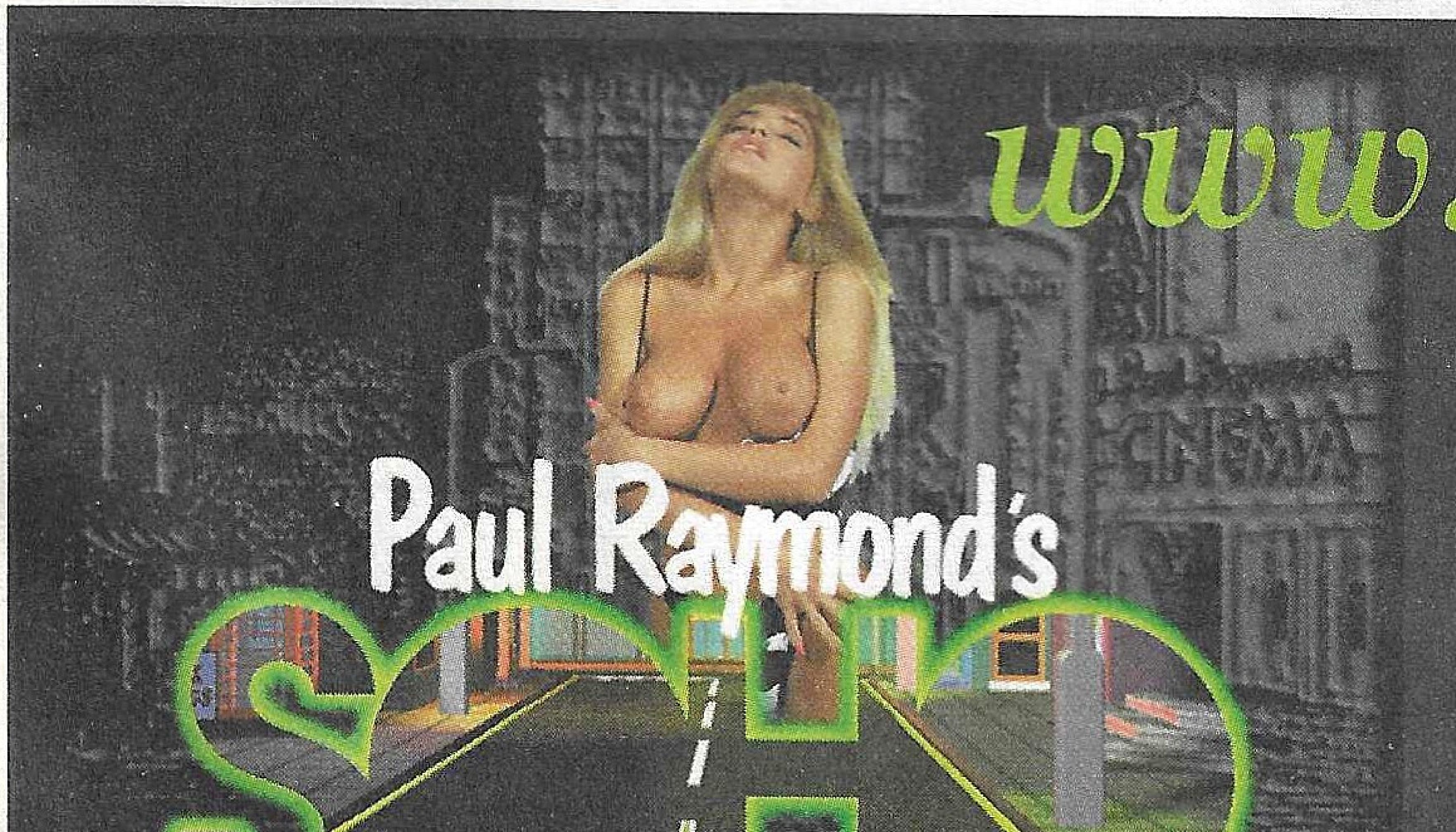
BE MY VALENTINE
TWO HUGE
COUCH POTATO
WISE CRACKS
NEW
KNICKER BOCKER
FOREIGN BIRDS
PIN-UP

Issue 13 features Victoria Yallop, Sacha and Abigail Toyne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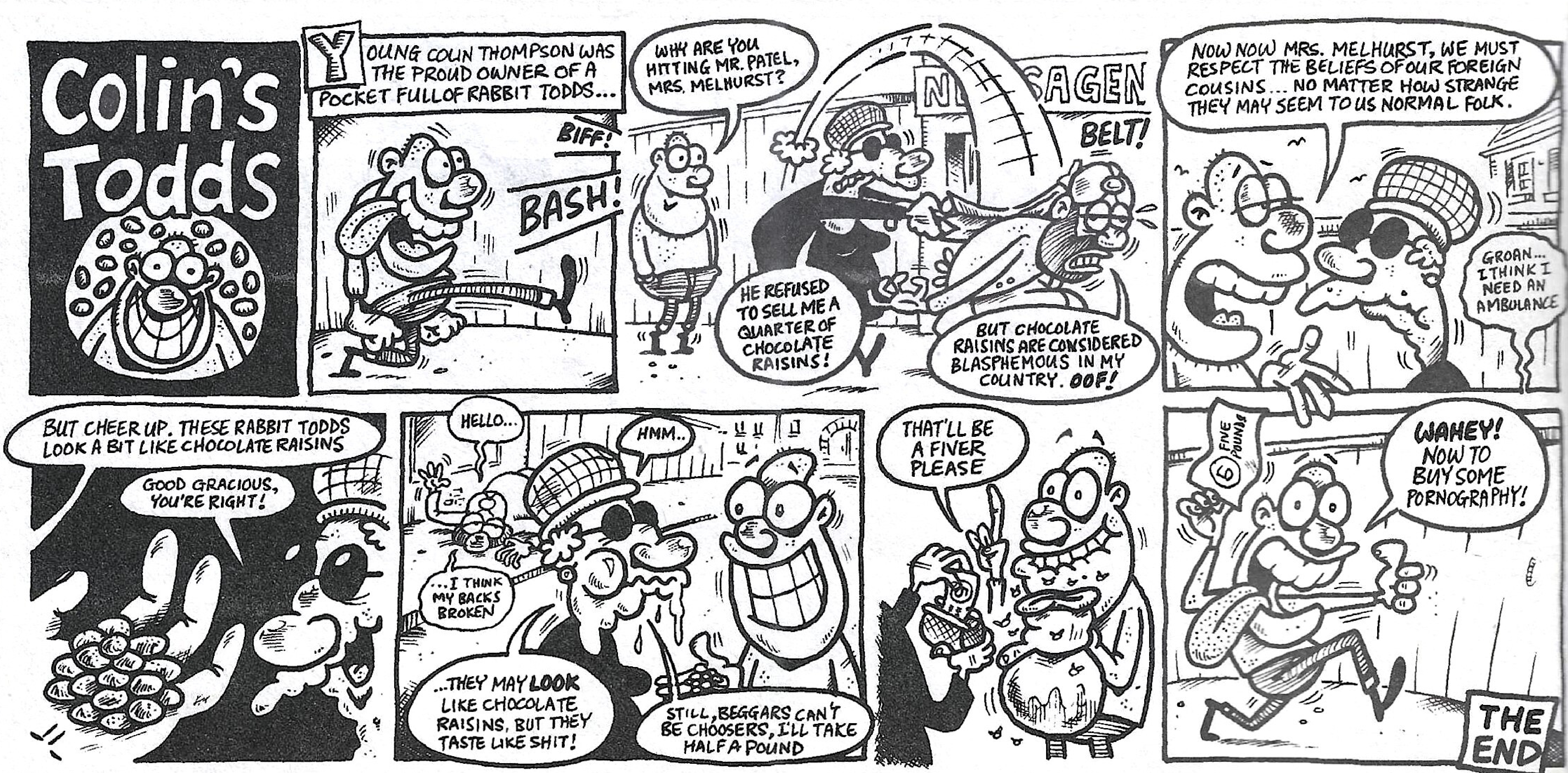

Colin's Todds
YOUNG COLIN THOMPSON WAS THE PROUD OWNER OF A POCKET FULL OF RABBIT TODDS...
BIFF!
BASH!
WHY ARE YOU HITTING MR. PATEL, MRS. MELHURST?
NE SAGEN
BELT!
HE REFUSED TO SELL ME A QUARTER OF CHOCOLATE RAISINS!
BUT CHOCOLATE RAISINS ARE CONSIDERED BLASPHEMOUS IN MY COUNTRY. OOF!
NOW NOW MRS. MELHURST, WE MUST RESPECT THE BELIEFS OF OUR FOREIGN COUSINS... NO MATTER HOW STRANGE THEY MAY SEEM TO US NORMAL FOLK.
GROAN... I THINK I NEED AN AMBULANCE
BUT CHEER UP. THESE RABBIT TODDS LOOK A BIT LIKE CHOCOLATE RAISINS
GOOD GRACIOUS, YOU'RE RIGHT!
HELLO...
HMM..
...I THINK MY BACKS BROKEN
...THEY MAY LOOK LIKE CHOCOLATE RAISINS, BUT THEY TASTE LIKE SHIT!
STILL, BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS, I'LL TAKE HALF A POUND
THAT'LL BE A FIVER PLEASE
FIVE POUNDS
WAHEY! NOW TO BUY SOME PORNOGRAPHY!
THE END

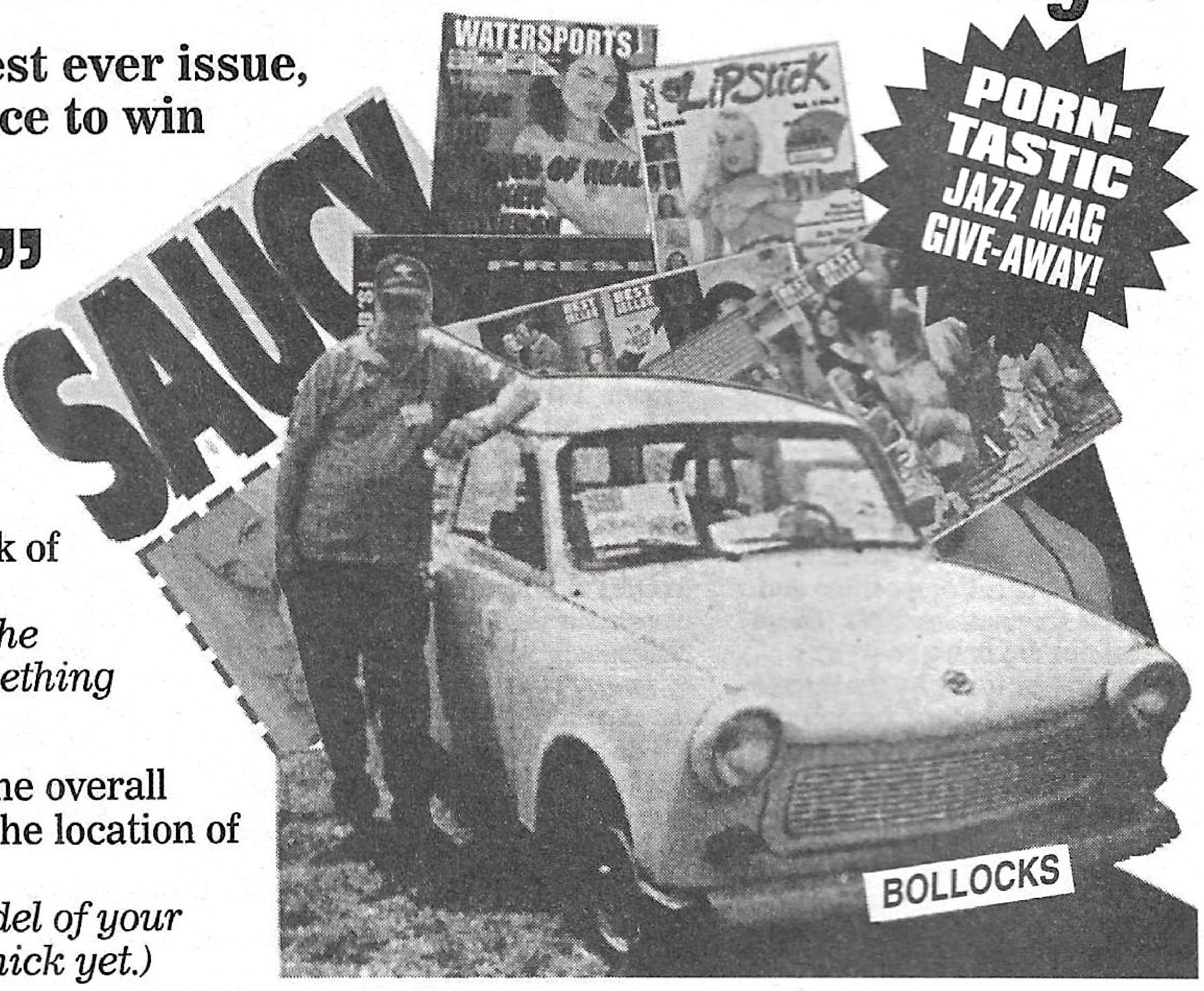
Win an Old Banger with a boot full of Wank Mags!

ITS COMPETITION TIME!

In celebration of our seediest ever issue, we're offering you the chance to win your very own

"PORNMOBILE"

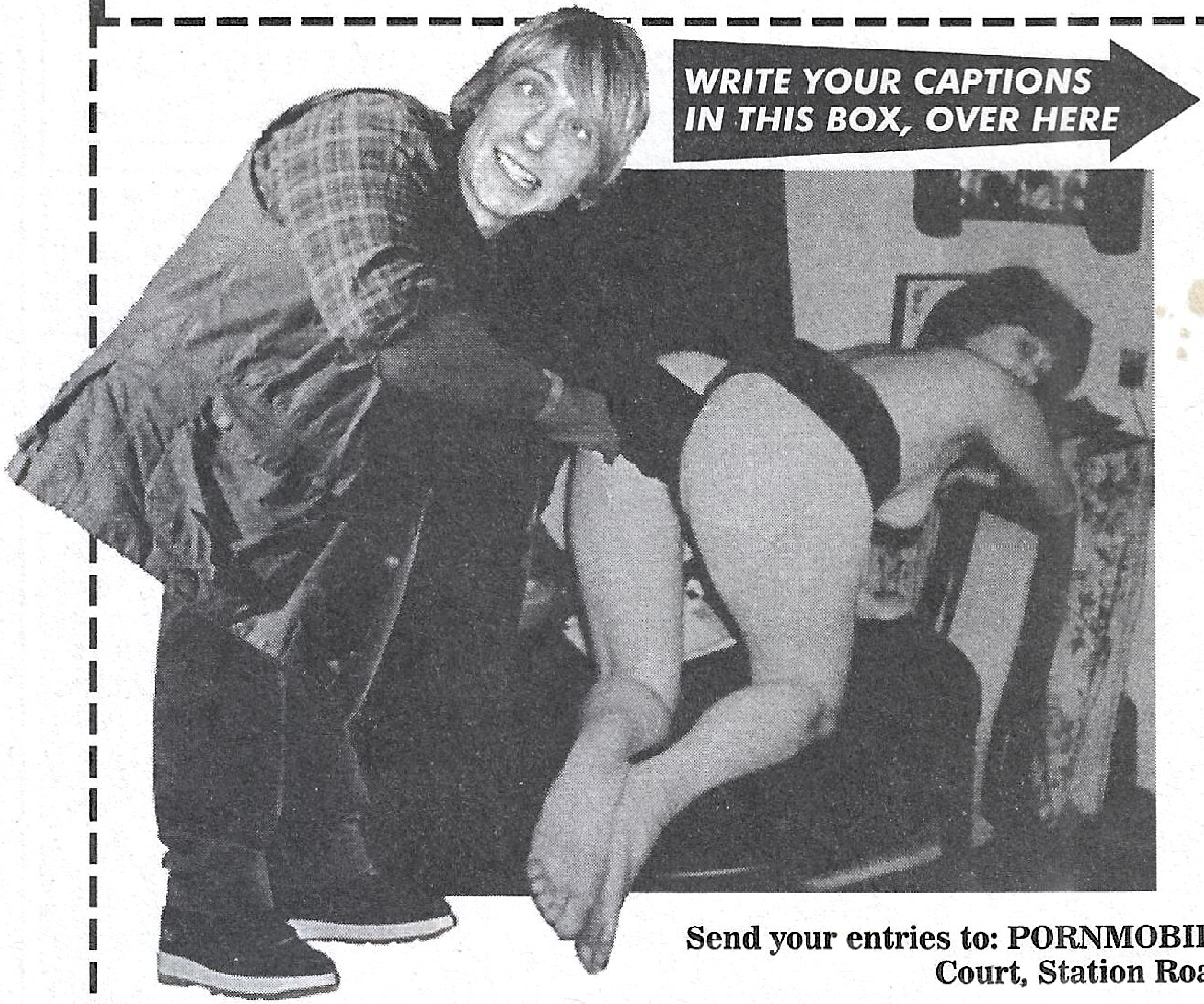
PORN-TASTIC JAZZ MAG GIVE-AWAY!


SAUCY
WATERSPORTS
LIPSTICK
BOLLOCKS

That's right, we're giving away an old rot box with a boot full of hamburger mags. Just think, a **FREE CAR!** and **ENOUGH PORN TO LAST YOU A LIFETIME!**

To enter this once in a lifetime competition, simply think of a suitably childish caption for the picture below. *(eg. - The gentleman could be saying "Still no sign of the wrist watch, but I think I've found my car keys." - Something like that... only funny).*

We'll publish the best in a couple of months time, and one overall winner will be sent an ignition key and a map showing the location of the **'PORNMOBILE'**. *(We are currently unable to confirm the make and model of your wanking chariot, as we haven't decided which one to nick yet.)*



WRITE YOUR CAPTIONS IN THIS BOX, OVER HERE

Name...

Address...

....

....Potcode...........................

Send your entries to: PORNMOBILE Competition. Zitmag. Communications House, Station Court, Station Road, Great Shelford, Cambridge CB2 5LR.

Concerns mount over Short-arse Syndrome

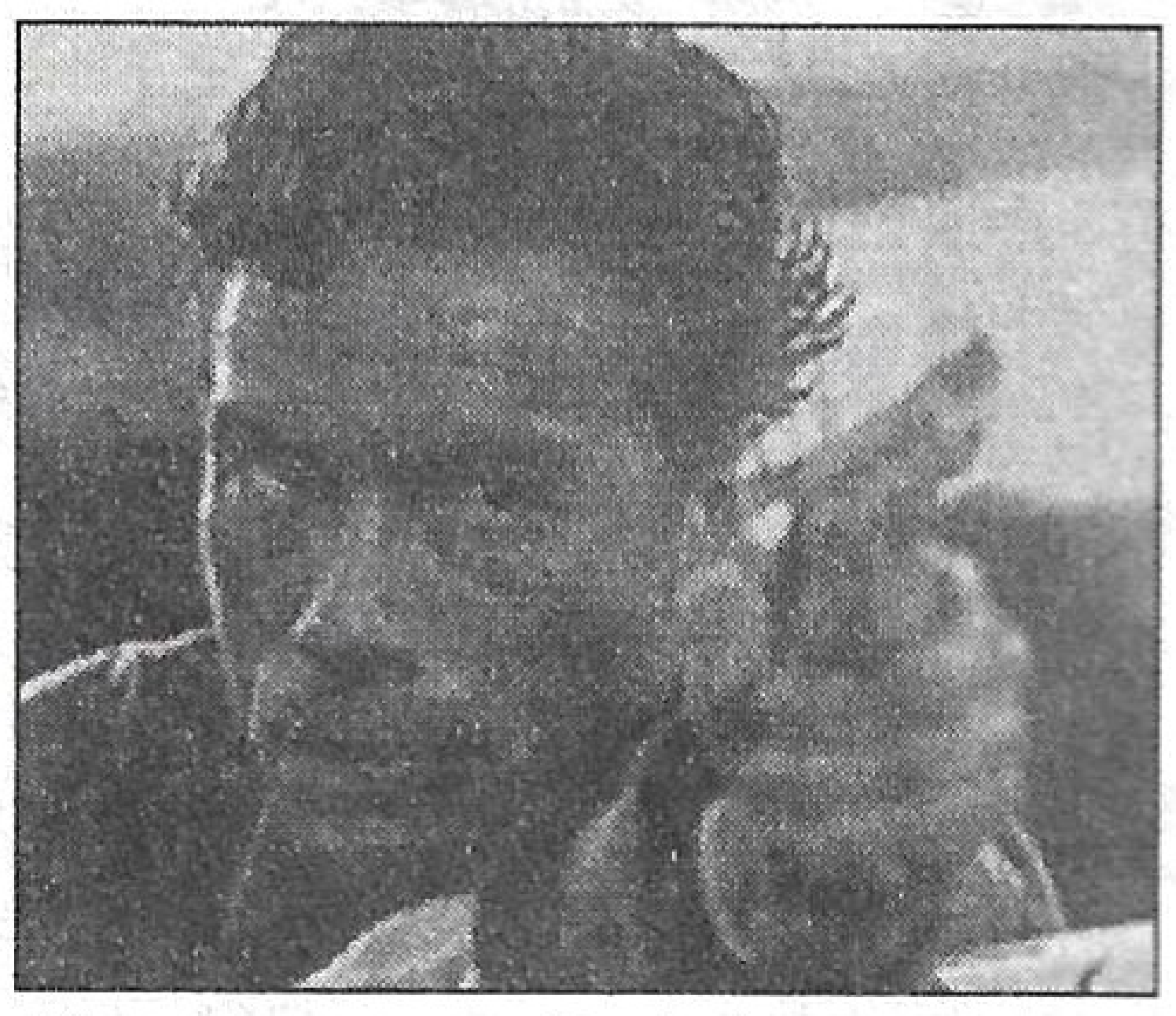
HOLLYWOOD BOLLOCKS *With Rosemary Knockers*

Stumpy Superstars check into Midget clinic

Many of Hollywood's little actors are being struck down by a strange new ailment known as 'Short-arse Syndrome'. The affliction, which only effects actors under the height of 5 foot, is said to be causing widespread panic amongst tinseltown's vertically challenged leading men.

Tiny Belgian martial artist, Jean Claude Van Damme, who's films include Kickboxer 1, Kickboxer 2 and Mary Poppins, was the first famous runt to show symptoms.

Van Damme, who has the dubious honour of being the only actor in the world to appear life-size on television, began behaving oddly towards the tail end of 1998, according to housekeeper, Maria Tyresflat.



Van Damme. Belgian runt.

"Jean Claude started to surround himself with items such as Kellogs Variety pack boxes and fun size Mars bars," Maria explained, "Then he'd stomp around pretending to be a giant."

Further concerns were raised when Van Damme sold his luxury Beverly Hills mansion and moved into a Wendy House.

Another sub five-footer, Thomas Cruise out of Top Gun, is also believed to be a sufferer, along with Danny Dorito, Micheal J. Fox and that weird looking bastard off Fantasy Island. All of which are being treated in the recently opened Anna Ford clinic.

A clinic insider told me, "We dress them all up as munchkins, then attach electrodes to their knackers, through which we administer a series of short but powerful electric shocks."

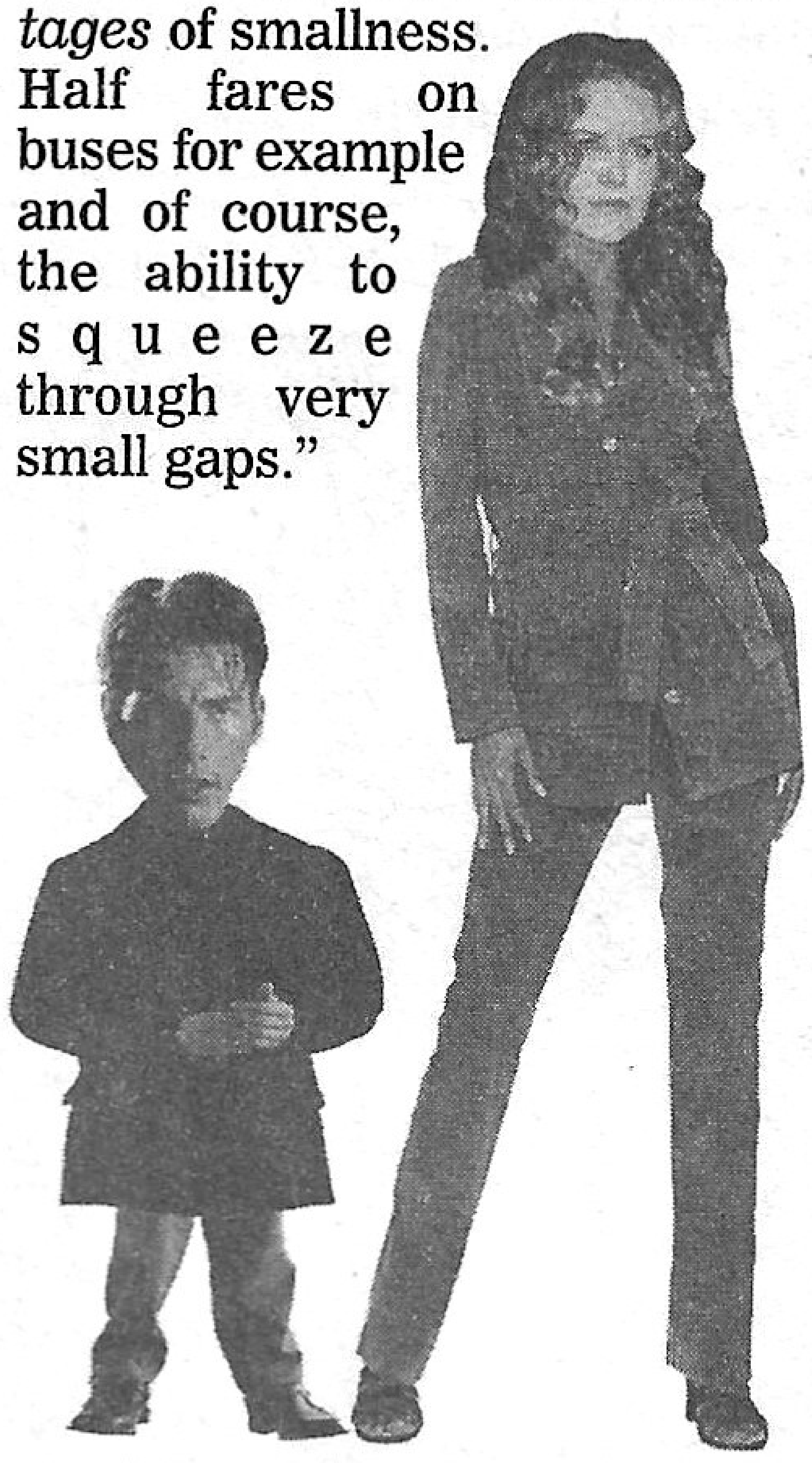
I asked if this was some sort of radical new therapy. "No," replied the insider, "But its a fucking good laugh."

Stunted

Miniature Pop ponce and star of the godawful Purple Rain, 'Prince' is the clinic's tiniest inmate, Measuring in at a mere 2 foot 6. The tallest being Arnold Schwartzenegger at 6 foot 3. Although not strictly a short-arse, Arnie was allowed in due to his tremendously small cock.

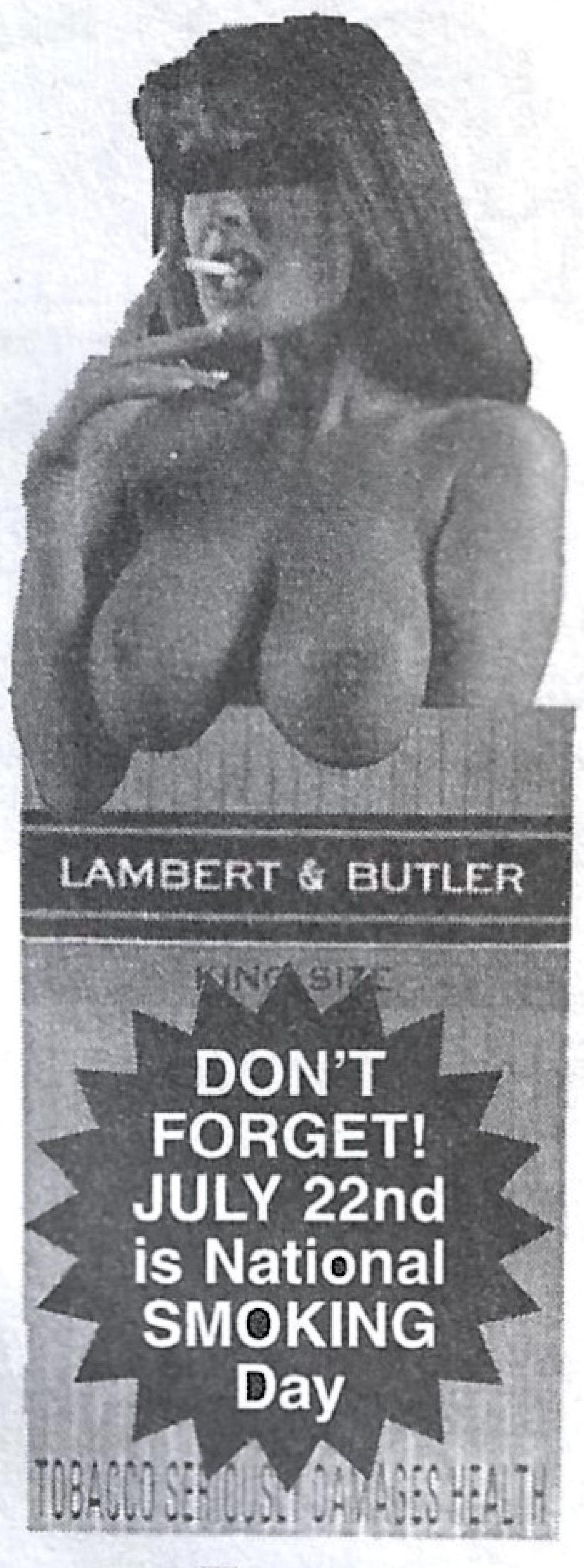
"You've never seen anything like it in your life," Explained the clinic insider, "It reminds me of a Wotsit. Same size, same colour, same smell."

When asked if there was any cure for Short-arse syndrome, I was told, "There's no quick fix antidote for this condition. Sufferers are merely encouraged to embrace the *advantages* of smallness. Half fares on buses for example and of course, the ability to squeeze through very small gaps."



Wee Tom and his great big wife.

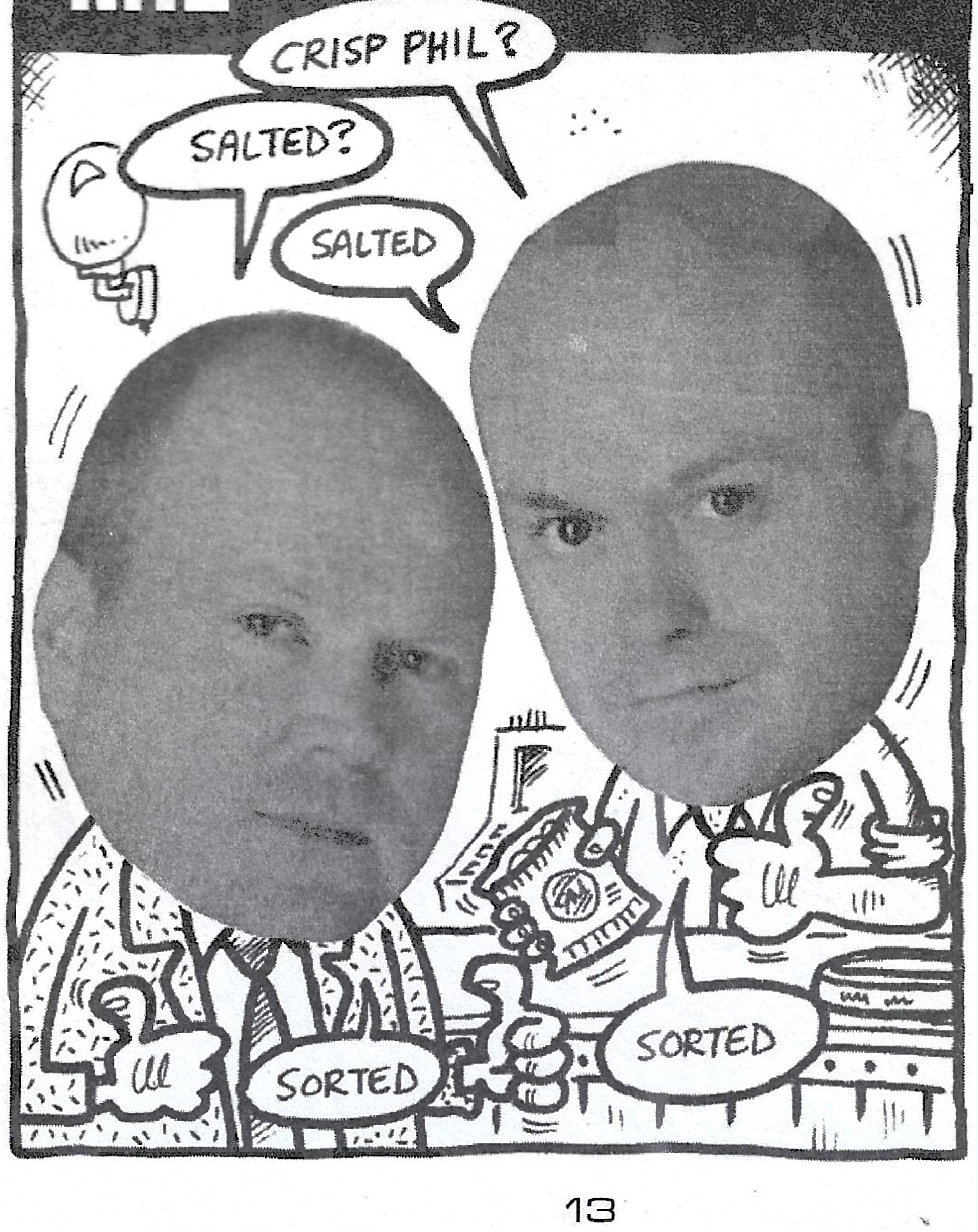
Don't be a Puff...


LAMBERT & BUTLER
KING SIZE
DON'T FORGET! JULY 22nd is National SMOKING Day
TOBACCO SERIOUSLY DAMAGES HEALTH

...have a Fag!

PHIL & GRANT SORT IT

N.12 The crisp incident



Twat in a Sweater

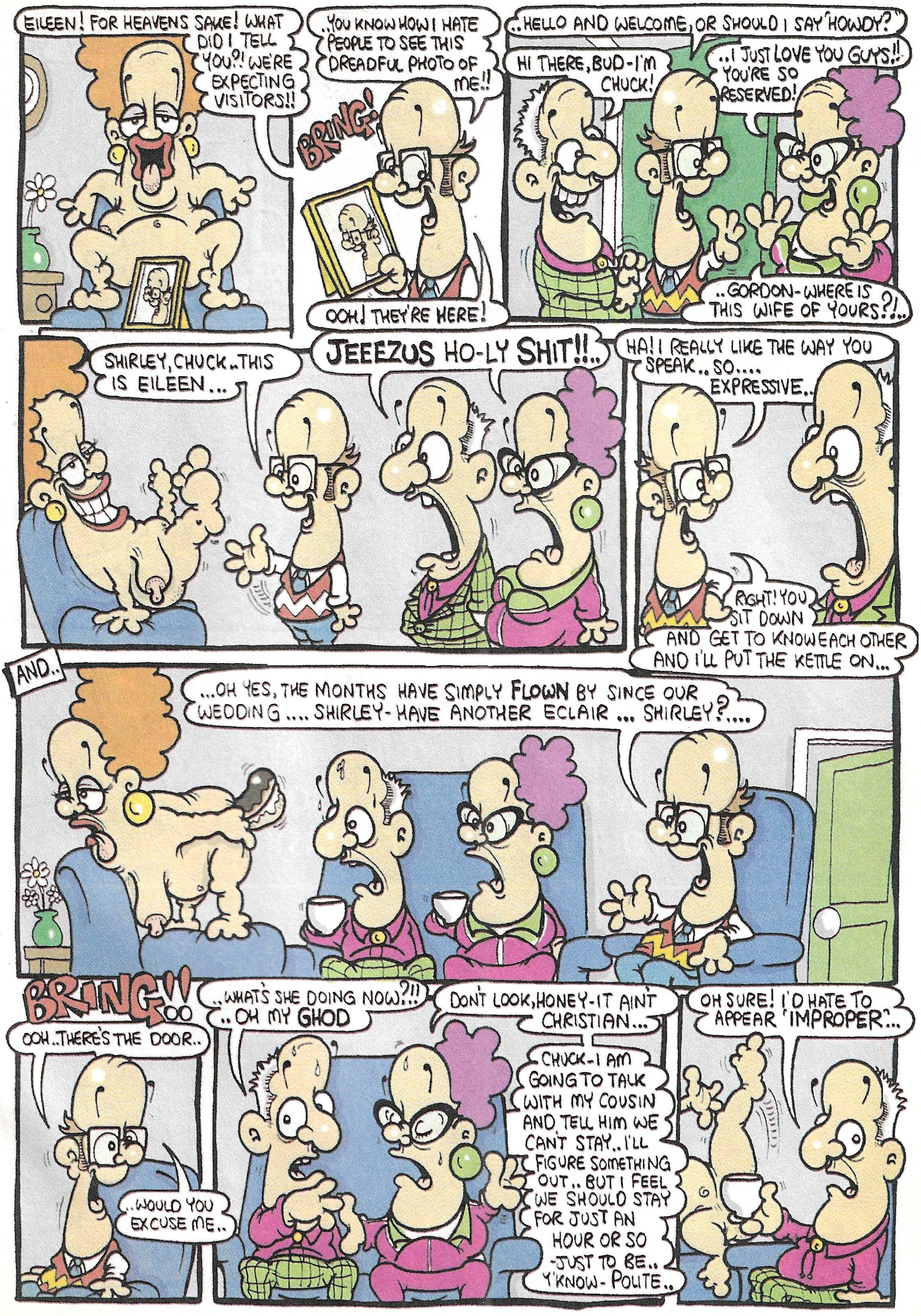
This month's Twat in a Sweater is Mr. R. Bacon of Sandwich. The sweater was knitted by his wife, Tina, and she reckons it make him look like a right nancy. No arguments there Tina.

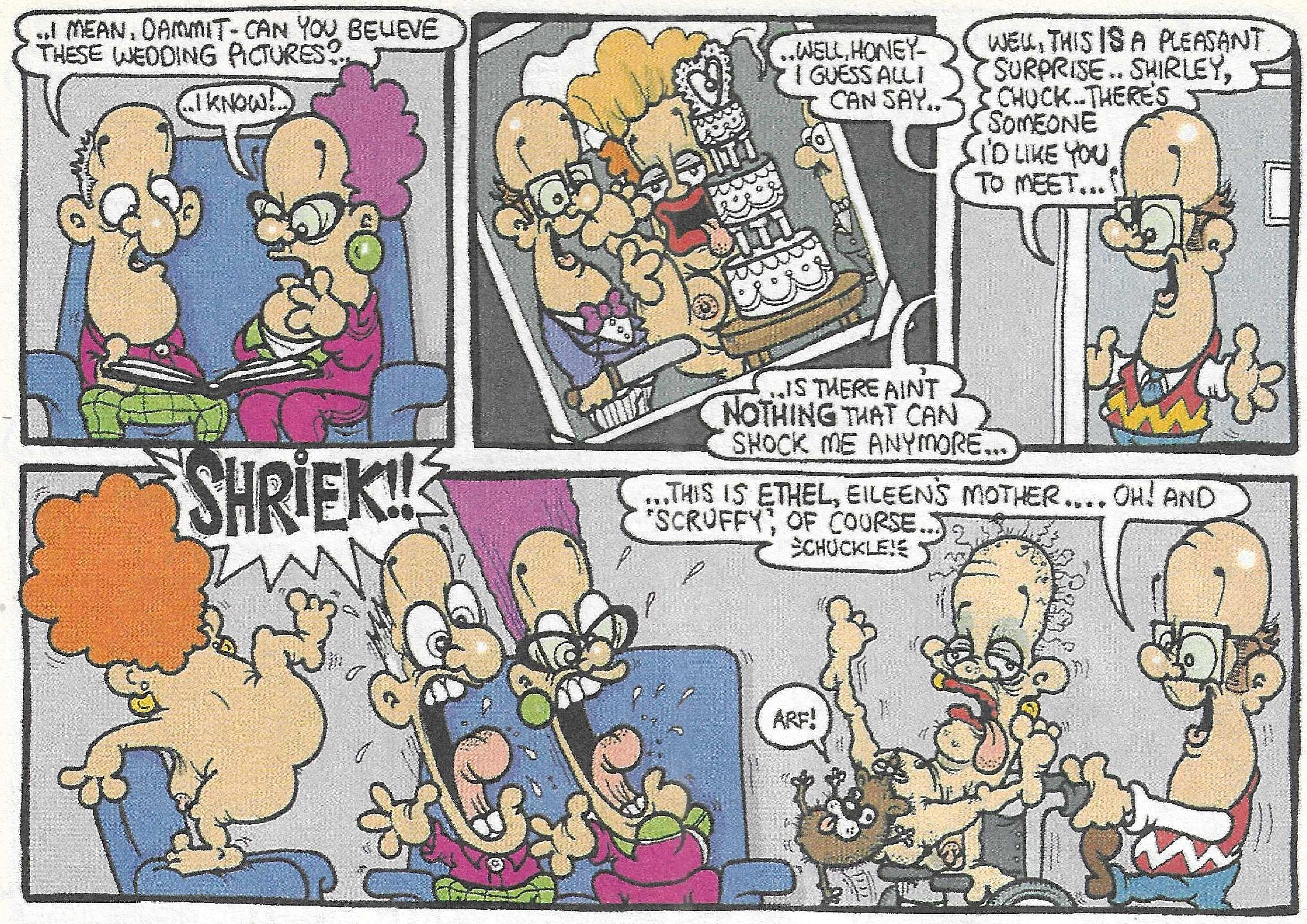
Send YOUR Twat in a Sweater to the usual address. There's a crisp new fiver for every Twat in a Sweater that we print. Please mark your envelopes 'Twat in a Sweater'.

Reeder's Wife

Retired bank clerk Gordon Reeder married a woman who thinks she's posing for a pornographic magazine all the time..

BRING!!
LETTER FOR YOU, MR. REEDER...
OH! THANK YOU POSTIE!
ER.. MY LETTER BOX SEEMS TO BE WORKING PROPERLY..
SORRY MR. REEDER.. I THOUGHT IT SEEMED A BIT STIFF...
ERM.. HOW'S YOUR WIFE?
SHE'S QUITE WELL, THANK YOU, POSTIE.. CHEERIO!..
NO! WAIT!.. BOLLOCKS!!
..WELL EILEEN - I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO OUR POSTMAN..
..HE SEEMS VERY CONCERNED ABOUT YOU... CHUCKLE!
...MIND YOU.. YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD SUCH A WARM, OPEN PERSONALITY...
..I ALWAYS REMARK UPON HOW PEOPLE WHO DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU SEEM STRANGELY TRANS-FIXED BY YOU...
ERM.. ANOTHER GLASS OF WINE, DARLING?..
..THAT'S WHY I MARRIED YOU, I SUPPOSE..
POP!
AH! THERE'S THE TOAST!
..EILEEN! LISTEN TO THIS!! YOU REMEMBER I TOLD YOU ABOUT MY COUSIN IN CHICAGO?.. WELL, HER AND HER HUSBAND ARE COMING TO STAY!... SHE SAYS SHE CAN'T BELIEVE I FINALLY GOT MARRIED AND SHE'S DYING TO MEET YOU...
..YES, THAT'S RIGHT, EILEEN - WE PROBABLY WILL HAVE TO STOCK UP ON HAMBURGERS! CHORTLE!
TWO DAYS LATER..
..WELL, THEY'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE...
..LOOK AT ME, ALL NERVOUS!! ...HOW DO I LOOK, EILEEN?..


EILEEN! FOR HEAVENS SAKE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?! WE'RE EXPECTING VISITORS!!
..YOU KNOW HOW I HATE PEOPLE TO SEE THIS DREADFUL PHOTO OF ME!!
BRING!
OOH! THEY'RE HERE!
..HELLO AND WELCOME, OR SHOULD I SAY 'HOWDY?'
HI THERE, BUD-I'M CHUCK!
..I JUST LOVE YOU GUYS!! YOU'RE SO RESERVED!
..GORDON-WHERE IS THIS WIFE OF YOURS?!..
SHIRLEY, CHUCK..THIS IS EILEEN...
JEEEZUS HO-LY SHIT!!..
HA!! I REALLY LIKE THE WAY YOU SPEAK.. SO.... EXPRESSIVE..
RIGHT! YOU SIT DOWN AND GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER AND I'LL PUT THE KETTLE ON...
AND..
...OH YES, THE MONTHS HAVE SIMPLY FLOWN BY SINCE OUR WEDDING.... SHIRLEY-HAVE ANOTHER ECLAIR... SHIRLEY?....
BRING!!
OOH..THERE'S THE DOOR..
..WOULD YOU EXCUSE ME..
..WHAT'S SHE DOING NOW?!!
..OH MY GHOD
DON'T LOOK, HONEY-IT AIN'T CHRISTIAN...
CHUCK-I AM GOING TO TALK WITH MY COUSIN AND TELL HIM WE CAN'T STAY.. I'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.. BUT I FEEL WE SHOULD STAY FOR JUST AN HOUR OR SO -JUST TO BE.. Y'KNOW-POLITE..
OH SURE! I'D HATE TO APPEAR 'IMPROPER'...


..I MEAN, DAMMIT- CAN YOU BELIEVE THESE WEDDING PICTURES?..
..I KNOW!..
..WELL, HONEY- I GUESS ALL I CAN SAY..
..IS THERE AIN'T **NOTHING** THAT CAN SHOCK ME ANYMORE...
WELL, THIS **IS** A PLEASANT SURPRISE.. SHIRLEY, CHUCK..THERE'S SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET...!
SHRIEK!!
...THIS IS ETHEL, EILEEN'S MOTHER.... OH! AND 'SCRUFFY', OF COURSE...
CHUCKLE!
ARF!

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Mr Booze
Mr Spade
Mr Saw
Mr Slash

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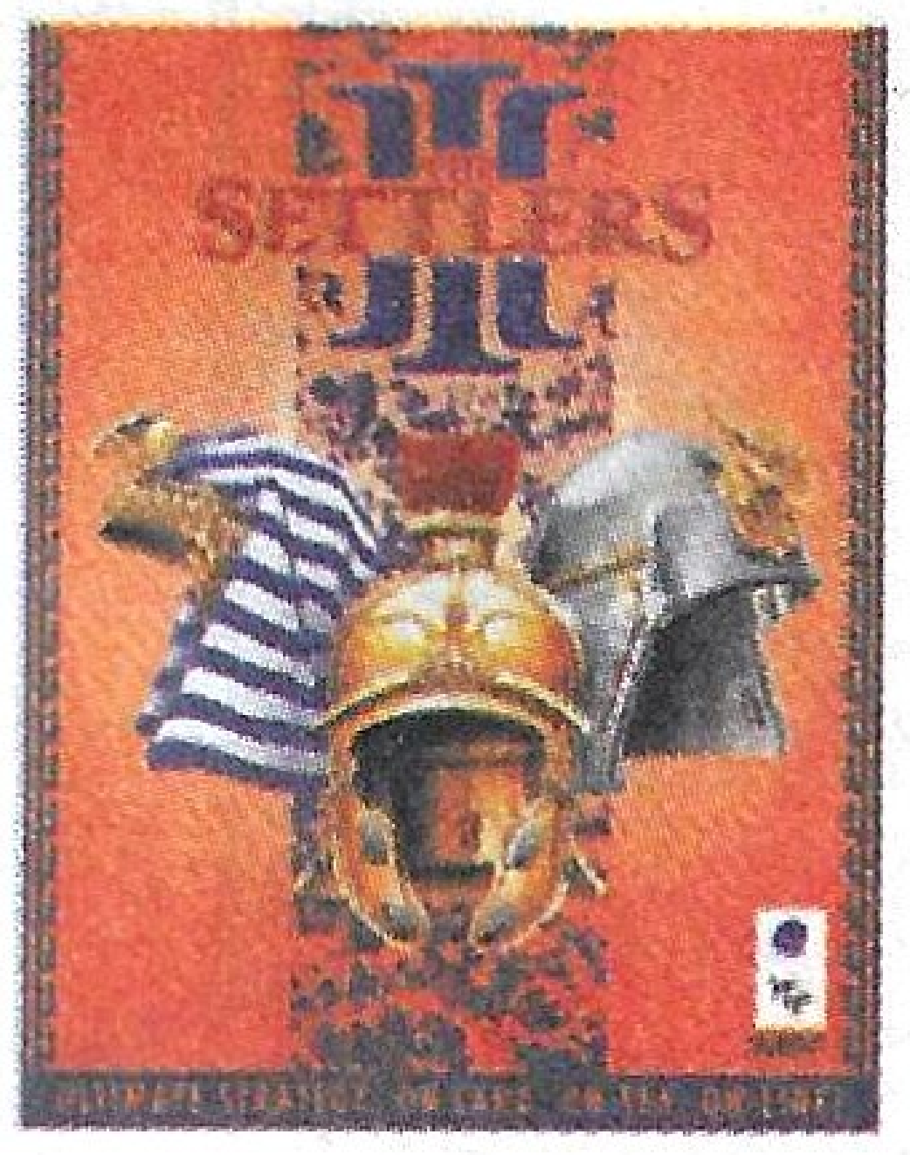

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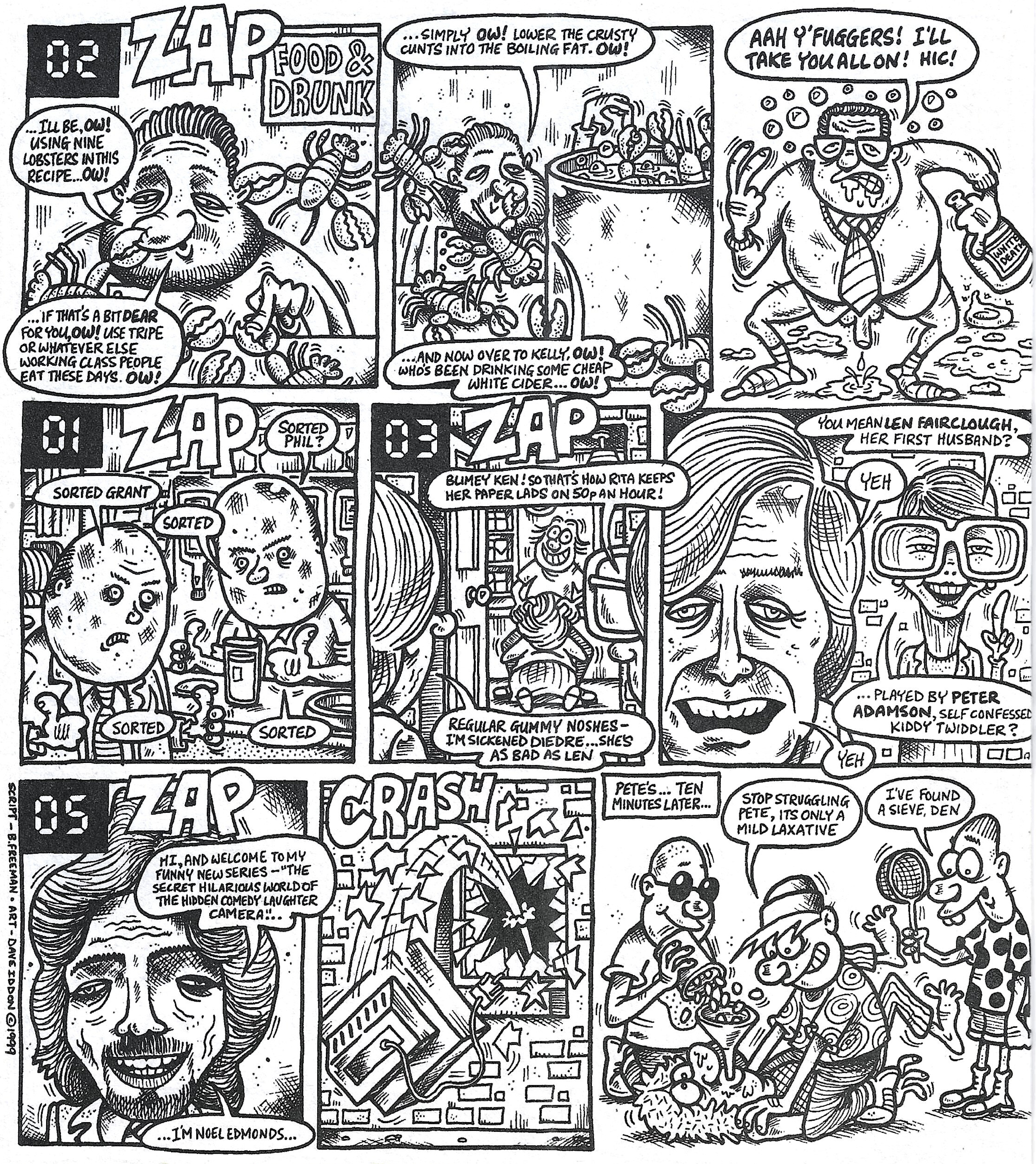
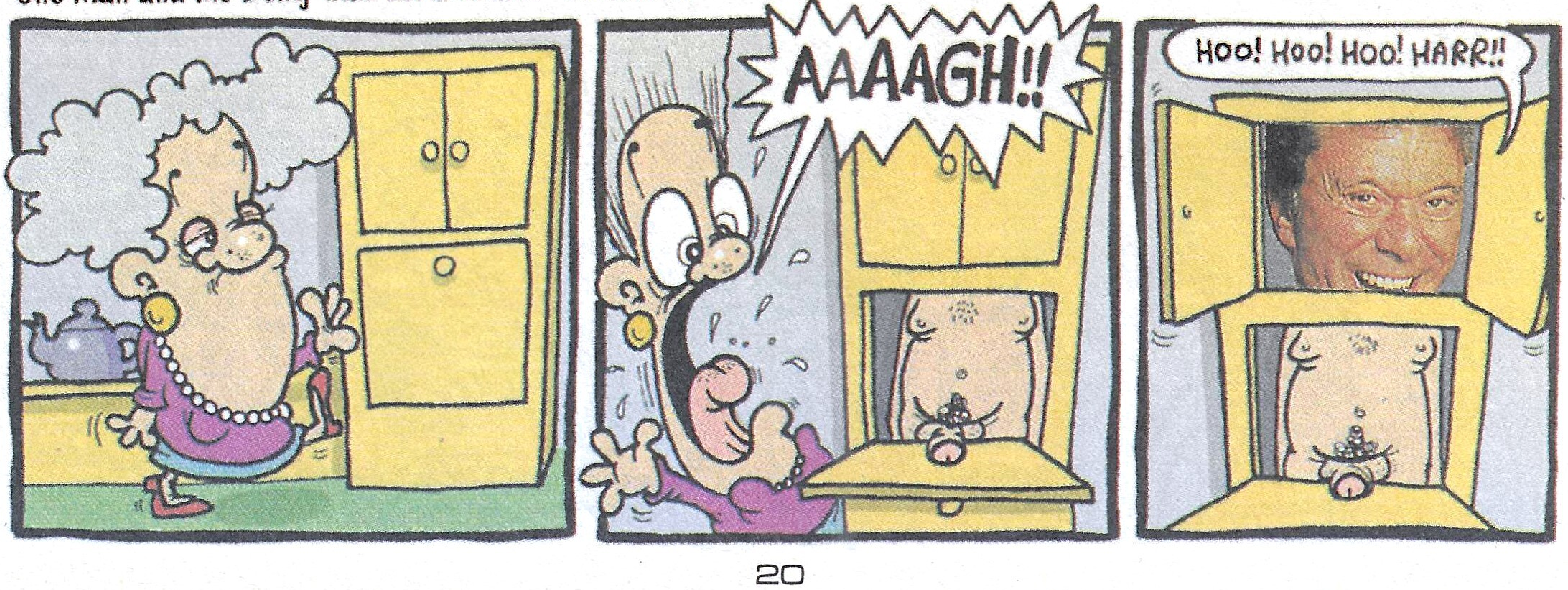
I'M NIPPING ROUND TO OLD TOM'S NOW... SO GET YOUR CASH OUT...
OH, FER FUCKSAKE
HAVE YOU NOTHING BIGGER BONG?
SOZ DEN
£10
CRASH
IT'S THAT CRAZY BITCH DOWN AT THE POST OFFICE
THE ONE WHO'S CAT YOU KEEP RUNNING OVER?
THAT'S HER, THE MAD HAG KEEPS GIVING ME MY GIROS IN SMALL CHANGE... 98 FUCKIN' POUNDS!
IN WEIGHT OR VALUE?
BOTH!
SOON...
WELL AT LEAST TOM CAN'T MOAN ABOUT ME HAVING THE RIGHT CHANGE
KNOCK
KNOCK
CHINK
CHINK
YES?!
LUNGE
WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU HERE? DRUGS! IS THAT IT?
DEADLY CANABIS?
ER, NO OFFICER, I WAS JUST, ER, VISITING MY "UNCLE" TOMMY
K-CHING
COME ON IN THEN, DON'T MIND US...
...WE'RE JUST TRASHING THE JOINT.
GNASH!
ALRIGHT DEN?
NOT BAD TOM, I MEAN UNCLE
NOT CALLED AT A BAD TIME HAVE I?
THAT DEPENDS DEN...
ON WHAT?
ON WHETHER OR NOT THEY LOOK IN THE TEA-CADDY
KEEP BREAKING THINGS CONSTABLE
AYE SIR
GAH!
CHINK
THEN...
GOTCHA HIPPY!
BOLLOCKS!
TEA
DOES THIS MEAN THE DEALS OFF TOM?
'FRAID SO DEN, UNLESS YOU WANNA COME BACK IN FIVE TO TEN YEARS.
LEB? LISTEN- TOM'S JUST BEEN BUSTED!
YER KIDDIN'!
NOPE, HE'S OFF DOWN TOWN FOR A TRUNCHEON MASSAGE AS WE SPEAK!
I'LL GET THE CAR, WE'LL DRIVE OVER TO JAYS
BUT AT JAYS...
WHAT DOES IT SAY DEN?
NO MILK FOR TWO YEARS- KILO FOUND BEHIND FRIDGE, SIGNED P.C. NESBIT!
JESUS! HOP BACK IN, WE'LL TRY FRANKIE
AT FRANKIES...
...HELP ...ME...
KEEP DRIVING LEB!
DRUG SCUM
POOR OLD FRANKIE. HE NEVER HAD MORE THAN AN OUNCE IN
THIS IS A NEIGHBOURHOOD WATCH AREA
LATER, AT THE FLAT...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU COULDN'T GET SORTED?
EVERYBODIES BEEN EITHER BUSTED OR TURNED OVER BY SOME COMMUNITY VIGILANTE GROUP...
YEH, YEH, CHEERS PETE, NICE ONE, CHEERS...
IT'S THE CHRISTIAN CRACKDOWN MAN! HODDLE, BLAIR, THE FUCKERS ARE TAKIN' OVER!

WELL?
BAD NEWS AND GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS... PETE GOT RAIDED TODAY...
SHIT!
BUT THEY DIDN'T FIND HIS GEAR...
WAHEY!
DING
BECAUSE HE SWALLOWED IT
SHIT!
SO LET'S GET ROUND THERE
IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE BONG
THE GEAR HAS TO PASS THROUGH PETE'S DIGESTIVE SYSTEM FIRST
EH?
...WE'VE GOT TO WAIT FOR HIM TO SHIT IT OUT AGAIN!
WELL WHAT THE HELL ARE WE GOING TO DO IN THE MEANTIME?
CALM DOWN MAN, WE'LL GO OUT FOR A DRINK OR SUMMAT
OH YEH, AND WHO'S PAYING? WE'VE POOLED ALL OUR CASH FOR THE GEAR
NOOOO!
EASY BONG, I RECKON A NIGHT OFF THE WEED'LL DO US GOOD. GIVE US A CHANCE TO ENJOY SOME GOOD OLD FASHIONED ENTERTAINMENT
LIKE WHAT?
LIKE T.V. IT'S VERY POPULAR WITH THE MASSES I'M TOLD...
I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THIS DEN, THERE'S SOMETHING UNNATURAL ABOUT WATCHING TELLY WITHOUT A SPLIFF IN YOUR GOB!
ZAP
SHUSH! WATCHDOG'S COMING ON
01
...A HARMLESS SANDWICH MAKER... OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THE MANUFACTURERS WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE...
...NOW JUST IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT THAT THIS FAT CHILD IS YOUR FAT CHILD...
NOT SO HARMLESS NOW, EH?
YELP!
SLAM
HISSSSSS
BORING
ZAP
03
...WE ASKED 100 PEOPLE TO NAME SOMETHING THEY'D DRINK TO WARM THEMSELVES UP...
BZZZZ
ICE COLD CIDER DENNIS
HEH, HEH, IF THAT'S THERE, I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY MYSELF!
ICE COLD CIDER - 92
PING
CHRIST!
COUGH UP DENNIS
HEH, HEH, IT WAS ONLY A FIGURE OF SPEECH MR. KNUCKLES ...NOW IF YOU'D LIKE TO REJOIN YOUR FAMILY...
FUCK THAT! COUGH UP!
BUT... I...
COUGH IT UP!!
GASP!
NO WALLET IN HIS TROUSERS, DAD...


02
ZAP
FOOD & DRUNK
...I'LL BE, OW! USING NINE LOBSTERS IN THIS RECIPE...OW!
...IF THAT'S A BIT DEAR FOR YOU, OW! USE TRIPE OR WHATEVER ELSE WORKING CLASS PEOPLE EAT THESE DAYS. OW!
...SIMPLY OW! LOWER THE CRUSTY CUNTS INTO THE BOILING FAT. OW!
...AND NOW OVER TO KELLY, OW! WHO'S BEEN DRINKING SOME CHEAP WHITE CIDER...OW!
AAH Y'FUGGERS! I'LL TAKE YOU ALL ON! HIC!
WHITE DEATH
01
ZAP
SORTED PHIL?
SORTED GRANT
SORTED
SORTED
SORTED
03
ZAP
BLIMEY KEN! SO THAT'S HOW RITA KEEPS HER PAPER LADS ON 50p AN HOUR!
REGULAR GUMMY NOSHES - I'M SICKENED DIEDRE...SHE'S AS BAD AS LEN
YOU MEAN LEN FAIRCLOUGH, HER FIRST HUSBAND?
YEH
...PLAYED BY PETER ADAMSON, SELF CONFESSED KIDDY TWIDDLER?
YEH
SCRIPT - B. FREEMAN • ART • DAVE IDDON ©1999
05
ZAP
HI, AND WELCOME TO MY FUNNY NEW SERIES - "THE SECRET HILARIOUS WORLD OF THE HIDDEN COMEDY LAUGHTER CAMERA"...
...I'M NOEL EDMONDS...
CRASH
PETE'S... TEN MINUTES LATER...
STOP STRUGGLING PETE, ITS ONLY A MILD LAXATIVE
I'VE FOUND A SIEVE, DEN

One Man and his Dong *with* LIONEL BLAIR


AAAAGH!!
HOO! HOO! HOO! HARR!!

DUNGEON OF SEX

09093 919198

NEW CUNT WANTS COCK

09090 443729

TWO 18yrs OLDS WANT TO SWALLOW CUM,LIKE SLUTS

09090 443734

MISTRESS HUMILIATES YOU

09093 919188

I'LL FEED ADULT BABIES MY MILK

09093 919194

BITCH WILL CHAIN AND FUCK YOU

09093 919190

BEG TO LICK MY PUSSY CREAM

09093 919192

FORCED TO BE A GIRL

09093 919195

OBEY ME YOU WORM

09093 919193

I'M A BAD GIRL PULL DOWN MY PANTIES AND WANK IN THEM

09090 4437 46

YOUNG WIFE WILL DRINK SPUNK RIGHT DOWN

09090 443735

SUCK THE MILK FROM MY TITS

09093 919181

FUCK MY TIGHT ASS, THEN I'LL SUCK YOUR DICK

09093 919180

SHOVE YOUR COCK BETWEEN MY DRENCHED TITS

09093 919179

FUCK OPEN MY MOUTH NOW

09093 919177

STICK IT IN DEEP CUM IN 30 SECS

09093 919176

LICK ME THEN FINGER ME

0909 443743

CALL ME & LET ME SUCK YOU OFF THEN HANG UP

09093 919174

SUCK MY ASIAN MUFF

09093 919173

CHUCK YOUR LOAD OVER MY FAT ARSE

09090 443726

FUCK ME AND THEN LICK HER

09093 919175

I'M BENT OVER TO TAKE IT LIKE A DOG

09090 443728

TWO GIRLS WILL DRAIN YOUR BALLS

09093 919196

LET MY SISTER EAT YOUR COCK

09090 443727

LET MY AND MY FRIEND RIDE YOUR STIFFY

09090 443730

LOOK I'M BEING FUCKED IN EVERY HOLE

09090 443750

MY PUSSY IS SWEET, LICK IT CLEAN

09093 919185

MY PUSSY WILL SUCK YOU IN

09090 443742

FILL MY HOLES WITH CUM

09090 443737

NICE CREAMY CUNT

09090 443738

PUSH YOUR DICK UP LIVE

09090 443739

RUB MY SMALL TITTIES IN YOUR SPUNK TO MAKE THEM GROW

09090 443748

19yr OLD BEGS YOU TO FUCK HER BEFORE HER PARENTS GET HOME

09090 443741

PLEASE POKE MY ARSE

09090 443747

I'LL MAKE YOUR PRICK SHOOT CUM

09090 443731

46yrs OLD WITH WET HOLE

09090 443744

OH DEAR, IVE PISSED MY PANTIES!

09093 919147

CHEW MY HAIRY MINGE

09090 443740

SOAK MY PANTIES WITH CUM

09093 919197

T.V. SEX SLAVE

09093 919189

I'M STICKING MY FINGER UP THRU MY TIGHTS

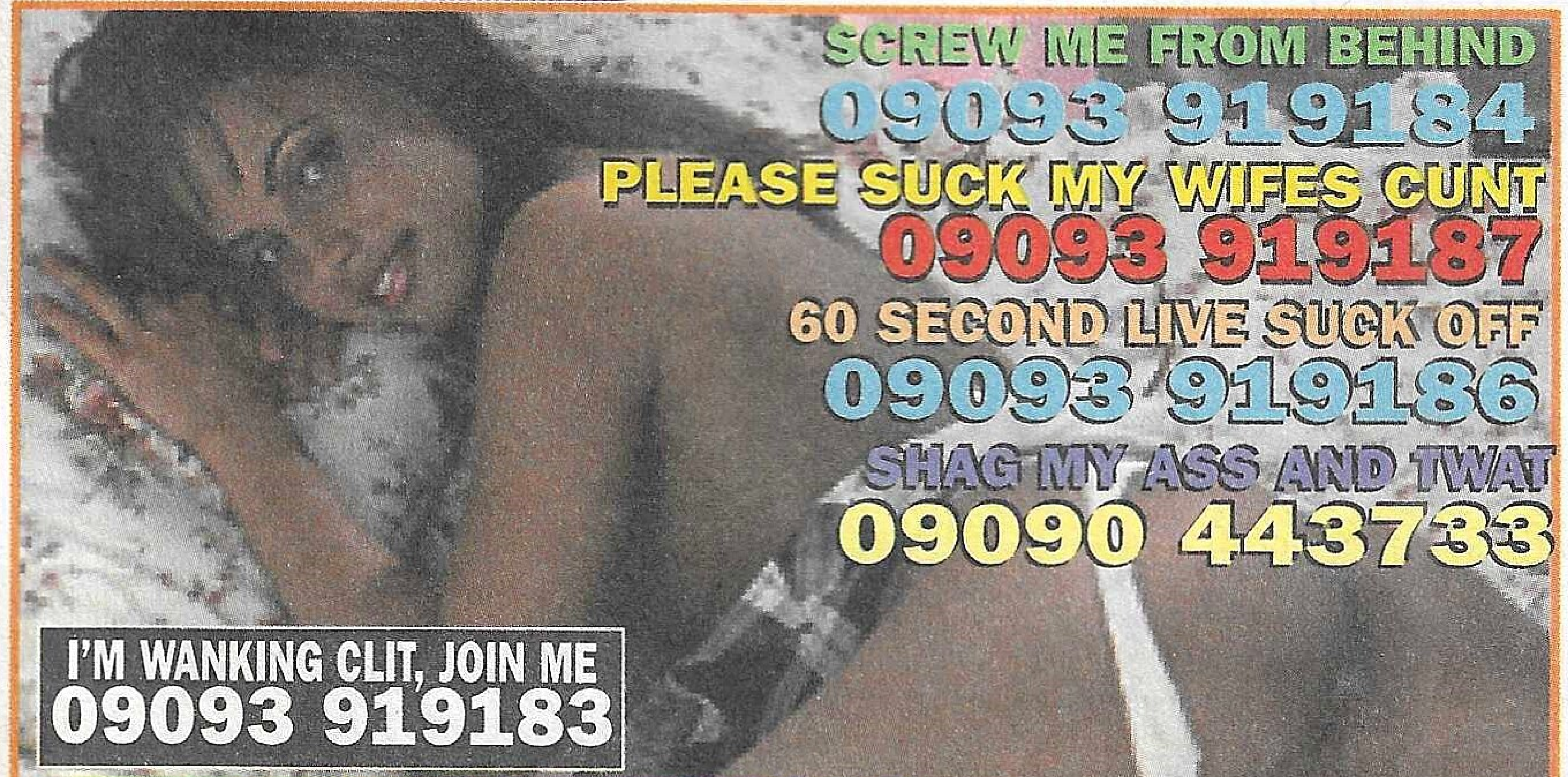
09090 4437 49

WANK MY CLITTY

09090 443745

PUMP BOTH MY TIGHT HOLES

09093 919178



SCREW ME FROM BEHIND

09093 919184

PLEASE SUCK MY WIFES CUNT

09093 919187

60 SECOND LIVE SUCK OFF

09093 919186

SHAG MY ASS AND TWAT

09090 443733

I'M WANKING CLIT, JOIN ME

09093 919183

YOUNG DIRTY SLUT, NEEDS REAR FUCK

09093 919182

LICK ME WHILE HUBBY WANKS IN THE CORNER

09090 443732

BICTH WITH RAW SHAVED SLIT

09090 443736

FUCK MY SISTERS MOUTH

09093 919199

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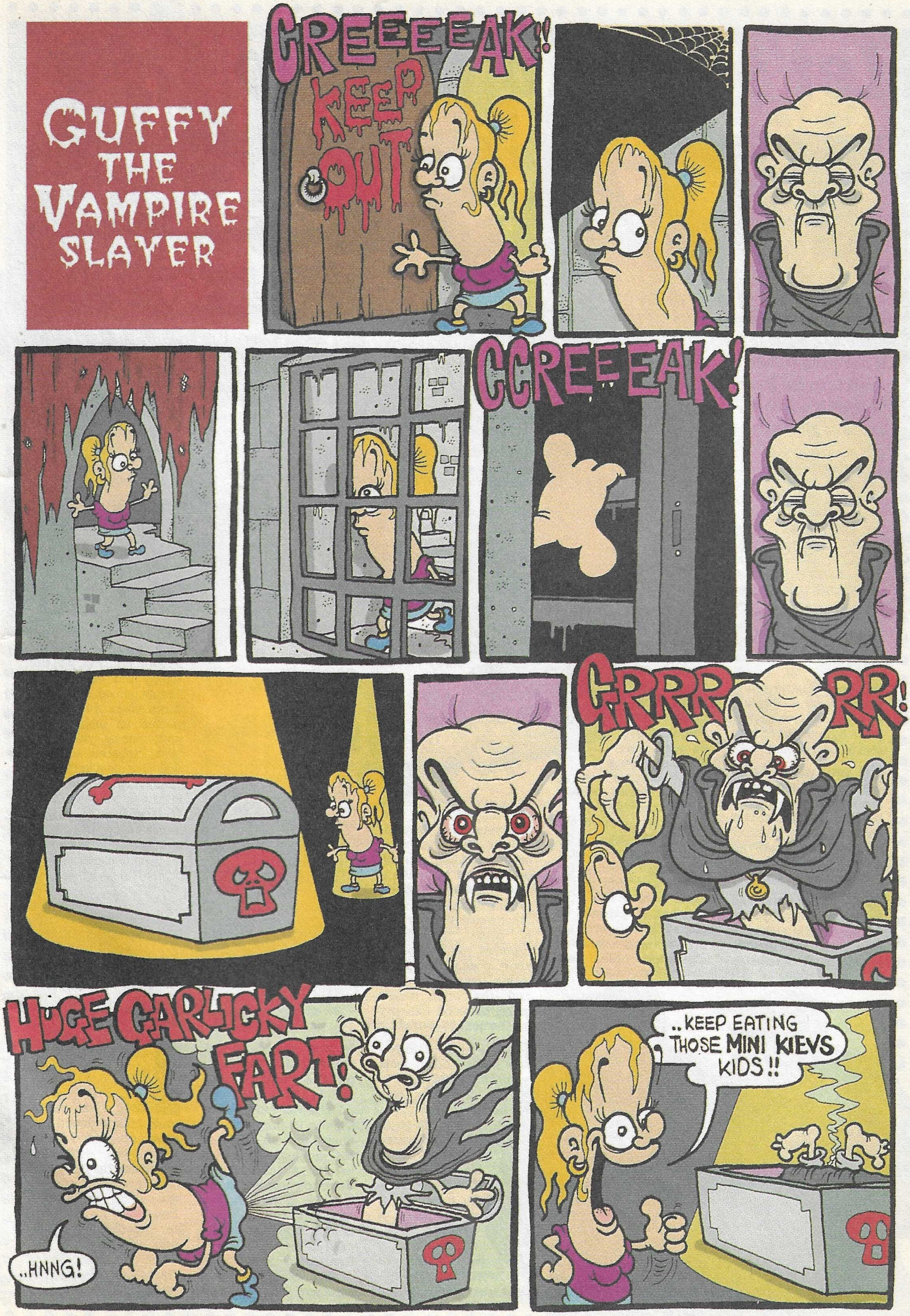
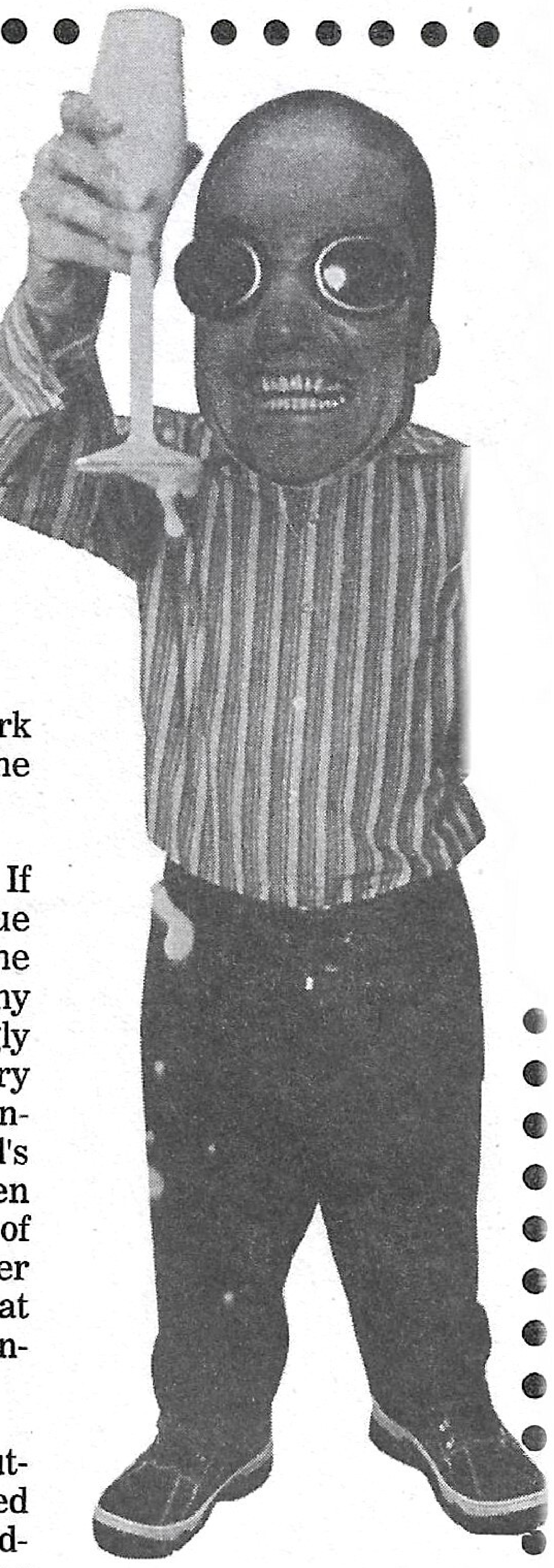
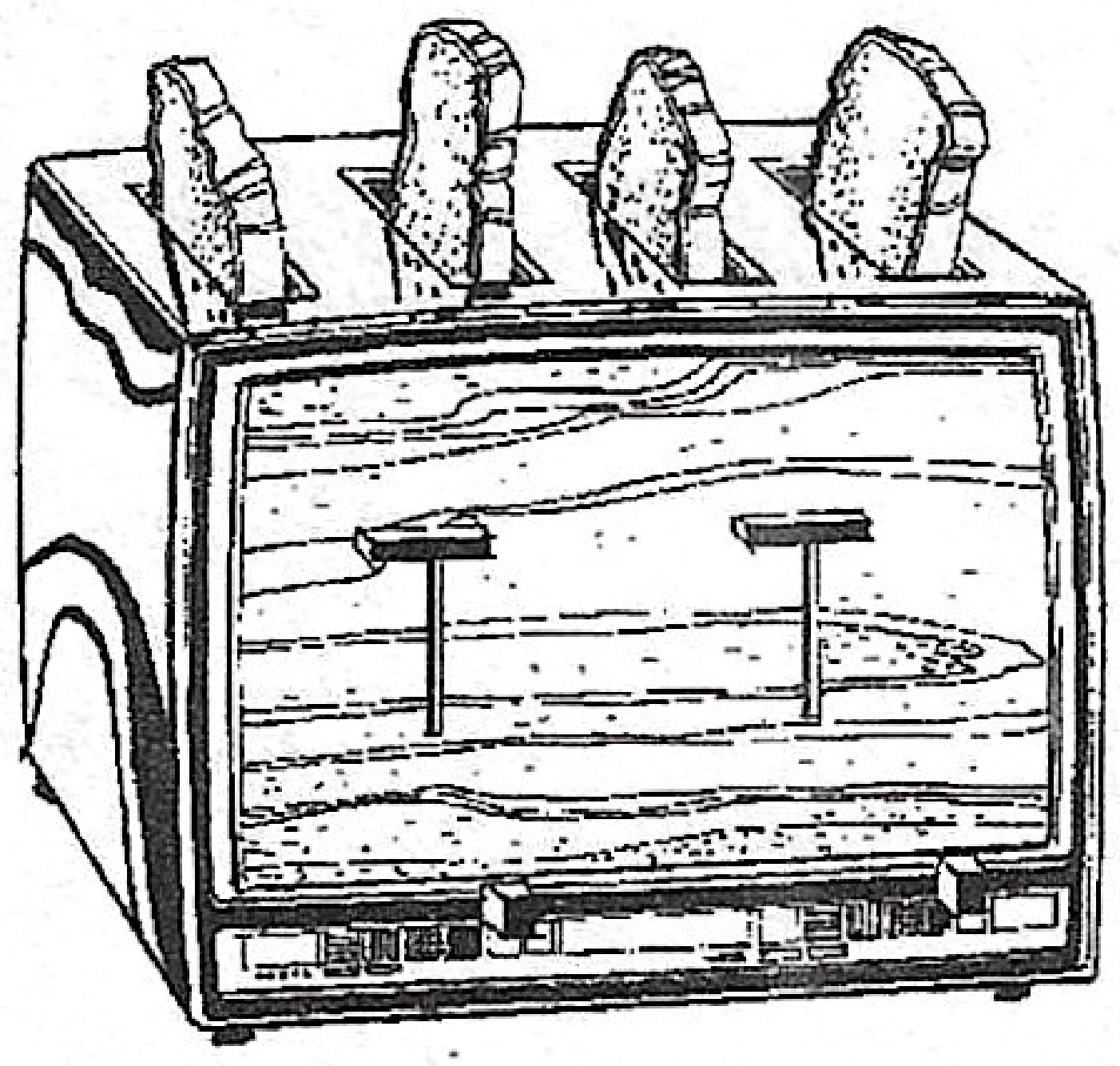

CREEEEEAK!
KEEP OUT
CCREEEEAK!
GRRRRRR!
HUGE GARLICKY FART!
..HNNG!
..KEEP EATING THOSE MINI KIEVS KIDS!!

Let's raise a glass to TOAST!



In a world divided by race, religion and sex, where coons fight honkys, straights fight puffs and ethnic washing tears nations apart. There is one thing that unites us all - Toast. Apart from the French of course, (who's idea of toast is a little round dried up disc more suited to playing Ice Hockey with).



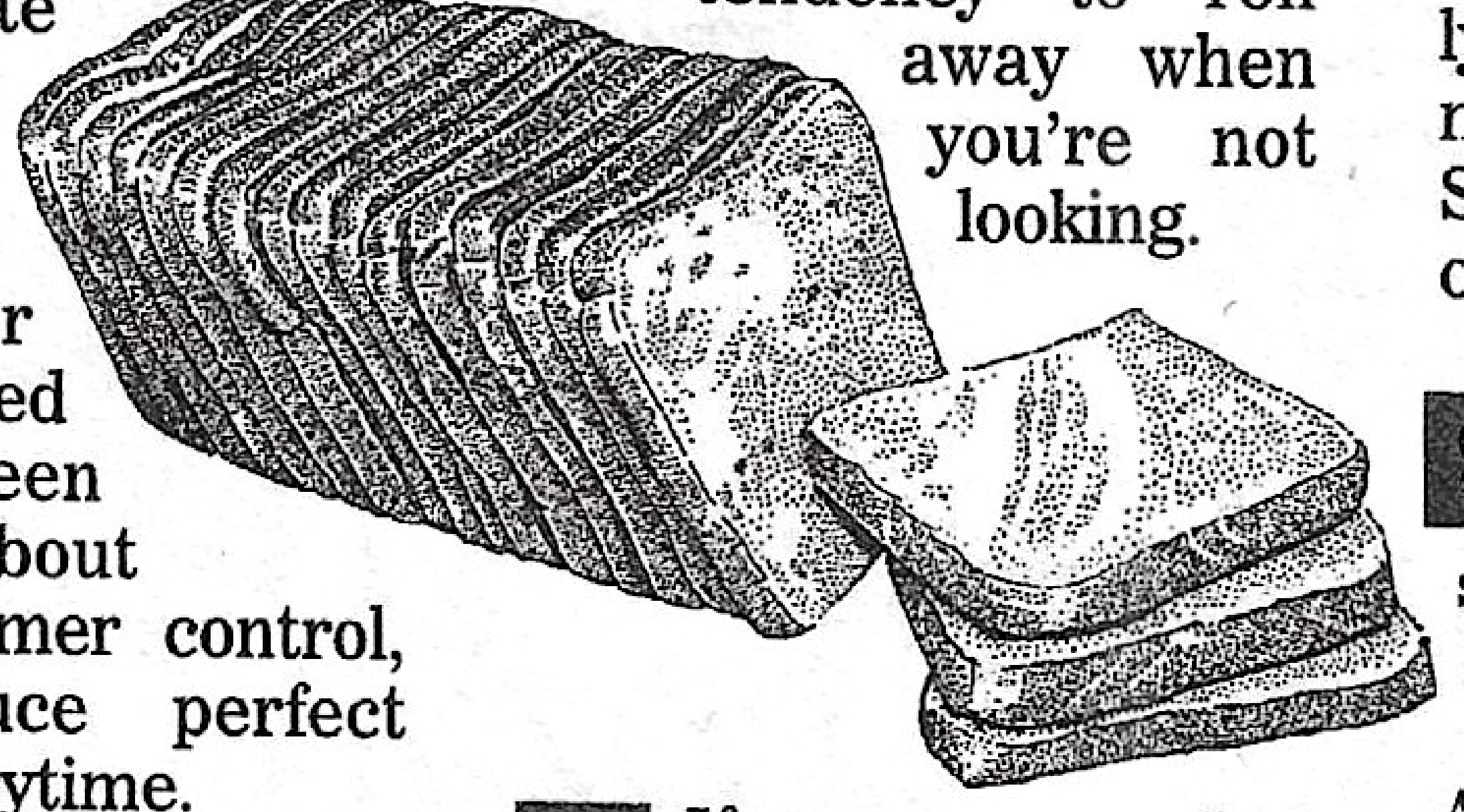
But how much do we actually know about toast? Like, who invented it? And why does it always fall butter side down? Well here's 15 thick, delicious slices of information concerning the worlds favourite burnt snack

1 In 1945, whilst working on a new type of bomb, Professor Pat Hovis of Leeds University inadvertently discovered the formula for bread. Approximately three minutes later he'd also invented toast.

2 Two weeks later, the first payload of toast was dropped on Berlin by Lancaster bombers, causing utter pandemonium until an unknown German scientist invented butter.

3 When ex-Spurs and England centre forward, Martin Chivers discovered Marmalade in 1963, toast was discontinued as a weapon of mass destruction and people began eating it instead.

4 Raw toast is also known as bread and comes in a myriad of different shapes and styles. Some of which produce quality toast, while others should be avoided like a park toilet. Square, thick-sliced, white bread is ideal, it fits neatly in the toaster and, provided no-one's been fucking about with the timer control, will produce perfect results everytime. Avoid any type of bread which is supposedly 'good for you' however. Wholemeal bread is full of hay and stuff and is liable to go up like a tinder box if exposed to heat. Slimmers bread is even worse, it just sort of dissolves. Milk loafs should also be avoided as their rounded construction causes havoc in the rectangular slots of your average toaster. In fact 'round' loaves in general are a complete waste of time. Not only are they totally unsuitable for housing cheese slices and a wide variety of square-cut cooked meats, they also have a tendency to roll away when you're not looking.



5 If you ever find yourself in the position of Best Man at a mate's wedding, you will be required to 'make a toast' to the bride and groom. This task does not involve the burning of bread. It simply requires you to make a short speech congratulating your best mate and the bitch who's going to bleed him dry for the next 25 years.

6 During the late 70's a revolution in toast making occurred. **The 'Breville' was born.** A curious piece of equipment, which somehow managed to turn harmless beans on toast into a deadly parcel of molten lava. Casualty departments were flooded by victims sporting 3rd degree lip burns and mini pork sausages welded to the roofs of their mouths.

7 Having said that, If handled with due care and attention, the Breville can produce any number of surprisingly tasty sweet / savoury combinations. A personal favourite is Campbell's concentrated chicken soup with thin slices of banana. Just remember to leave it to cool for at least 3 hours before consuming.

8 Although best butter is the favoured spread amongst the middle classes. The lower classes or, *dole scrounging scum*, are more likely to plump for an economy spread such as Stork SB, KwikSave No Frills or Vaseline.

9 The record for the largest number of slices toast consumed by a human being is held by a dead American hippy by the name of Tom Crossbow.

• Professor Pat Hovis. The inventer of bread.

In 1973, Crossbow was found dead in the storeroom of a bread factory. Beside his bloated carcass lay a burned out toaster, 15 empty tubs of marge and an bong. At his inquest, the police coroner concluded that Crossbow had wandered into the storeroom in a cannabis fuelled daze and developed a serious case of the "munchies". Approximately 863 slices of toast were found in his stomach.

10 'Toasted Soldiers' are a popular accompaniment to the trusty old boiled egg. Thinly sliced, well buttered slices of toast, just perfect for dibbing in a soft, runny yolk. The term 'toasted soldiers' was also used in the Gulf Conflict *(A popular TV series in the early 90's)* to describe the British servicemen who were accidentally napalmed on a regular basis by the American Airforce.

11 In the early 80's, somebody released a record called "Toast."

12 It was about toast.

13 And it was crap.

14 That's about it.

15 Oh... One more thing... A recent multi-million pound government funded probe into 'toast droppage', concluded that they land 'butter side up' exactly the same number of times as they land "butter side down'. And anyone who tries to convince you otherwise is "quite simply talking bollocks."

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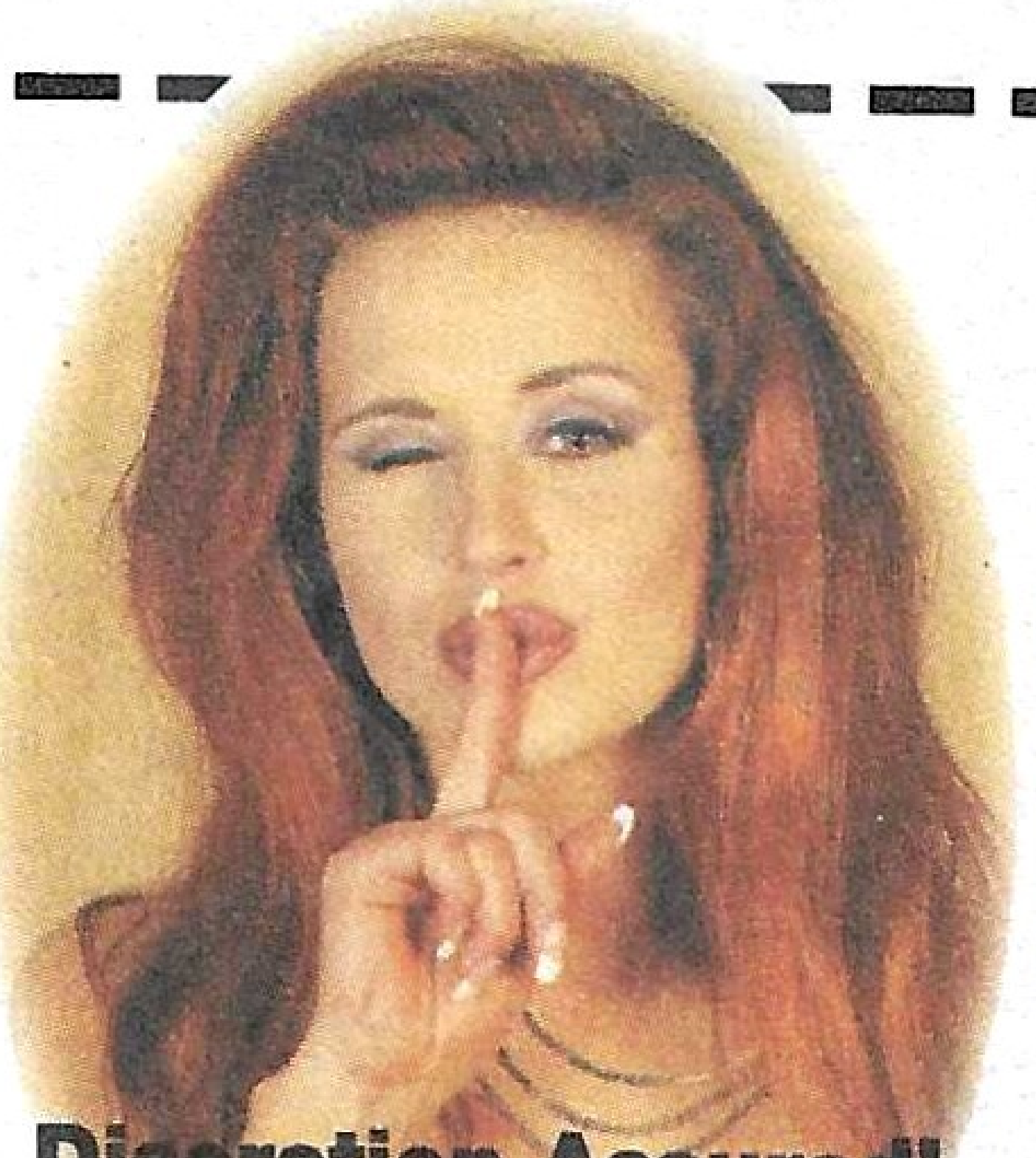

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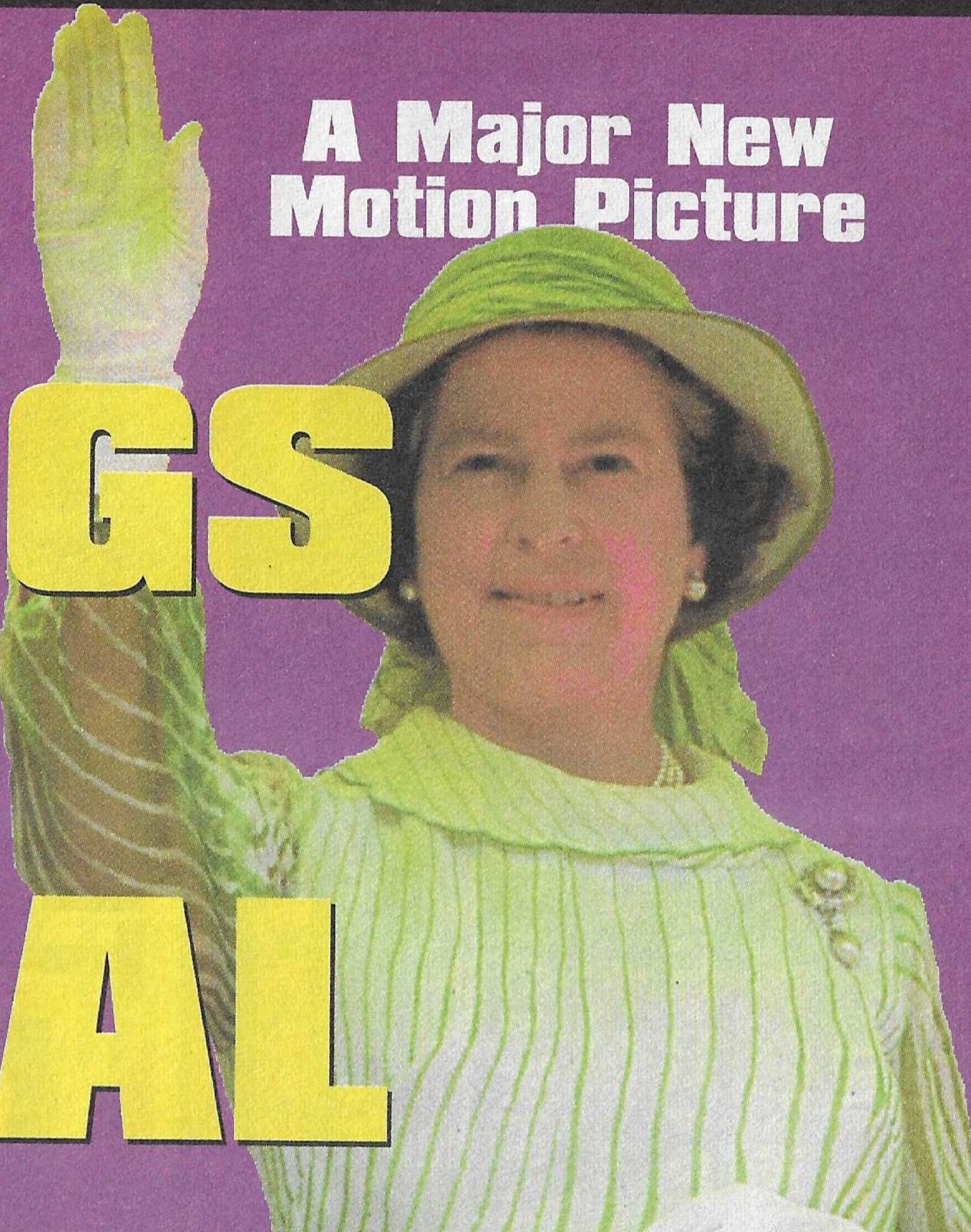

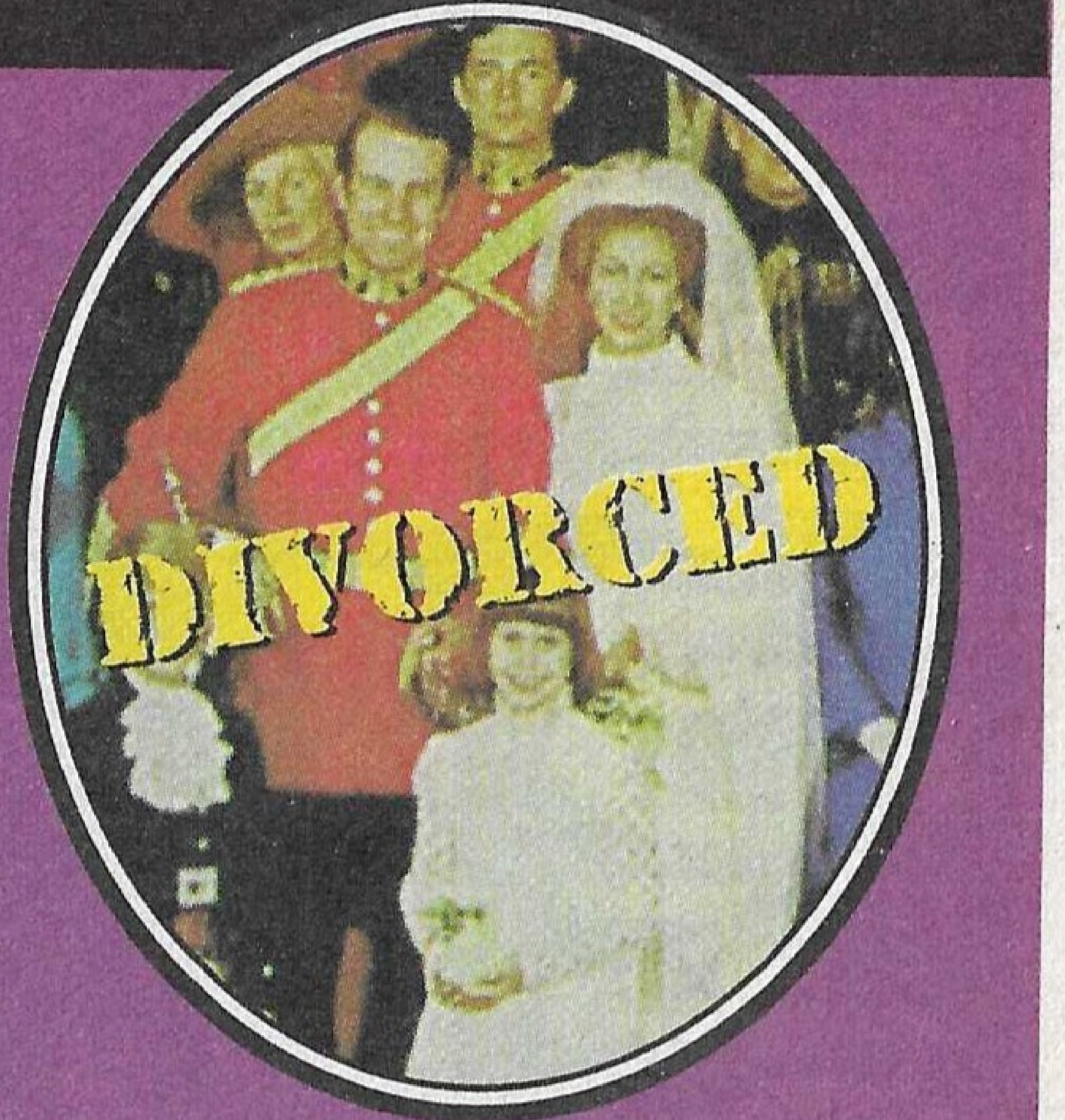

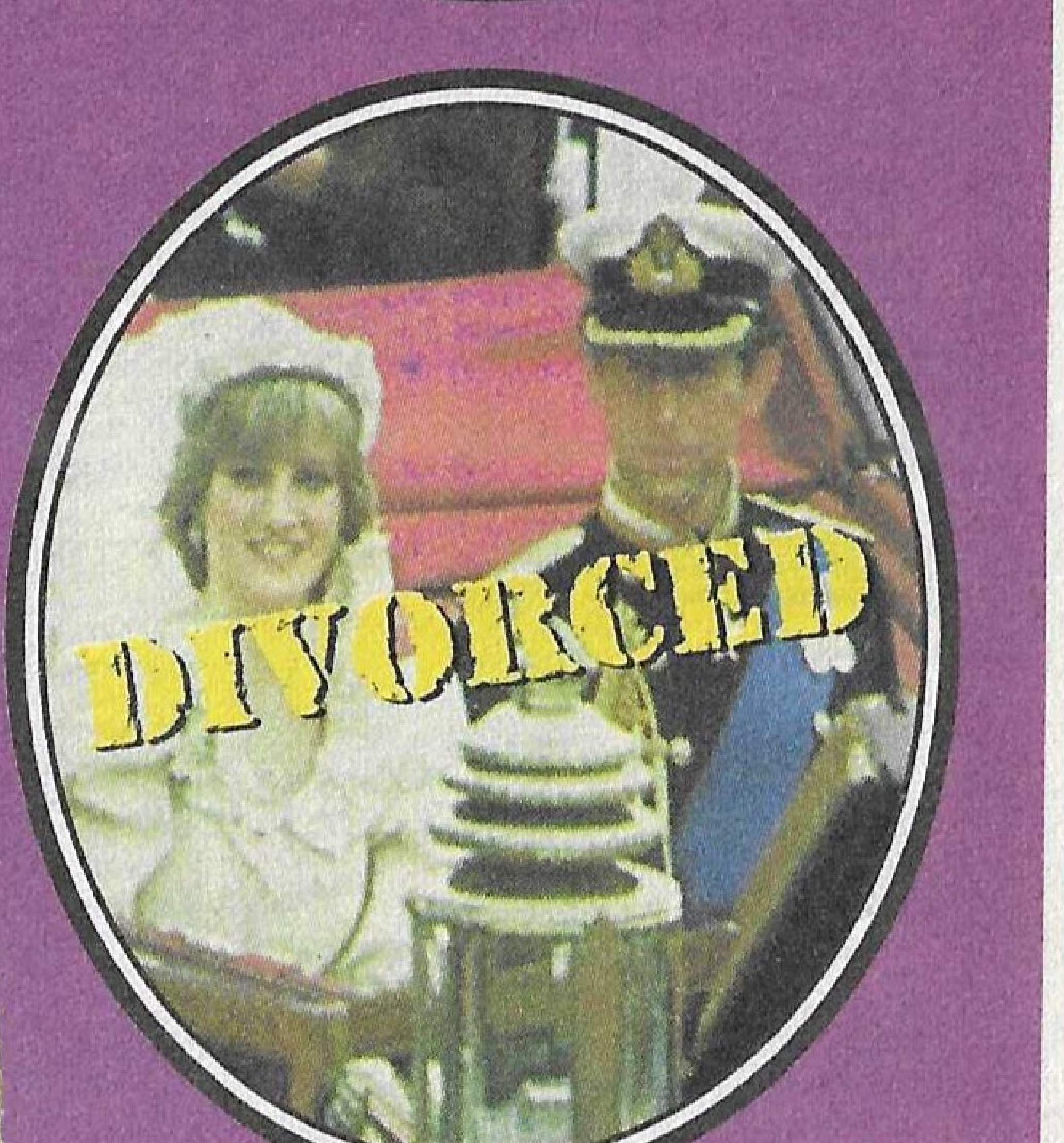

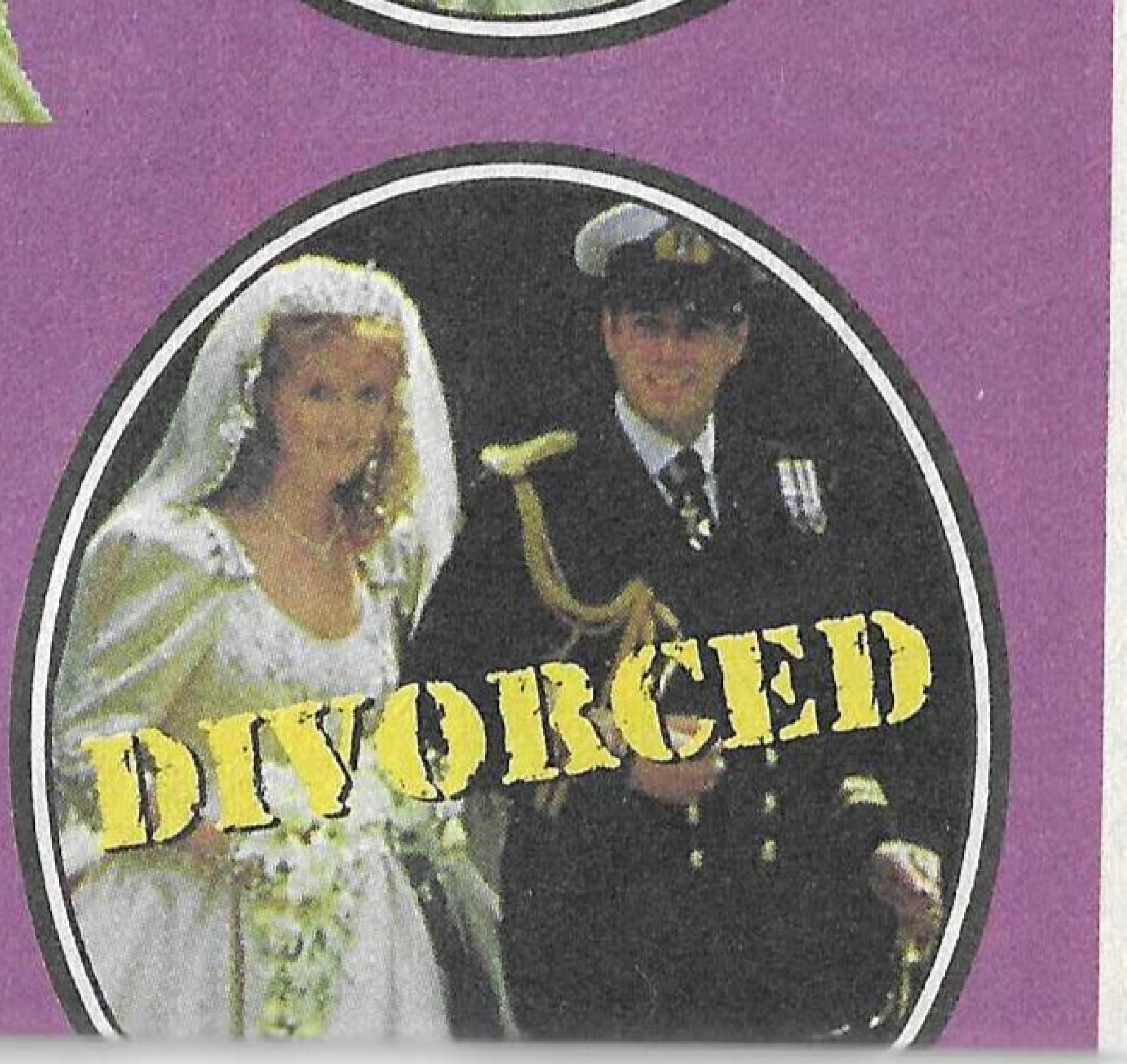

B626 MRK
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NOT DIVORCED (YET)

WITH

BERNARD MANNING as The Duke of Edinburgh **SHANE MacGOWAN** as Princess Margaret **DESERT ORCHID** as Princess Anne **TINKY WINKY** as The Queen Mother

JULY 1999

Part of the ZIT Calendar Collection

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				1	2	3
4	5	*Arse Tuesday (France)* 6	7	8	*Monkey Day* 9	10
Beginning of Margerine Week 11	*Flora Monday* 12	*Vitalite Tuesday* 13	*Stork SB Wednesday* 14	*I can't believe its not Butter Thursday* 15	*Olivio Friday* 16	*End of Margerine Week* 17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	*Dog Day (Afternoon)* 30	31

June

sun	mon	tue	wed	thu	fri	sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

August

sun	mon	tue	wed	thu	fri	sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

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Are you a BUSH WANKER?

How come you always find discarded wank mags in Hedgerows and bushes. Quiet country lanes are a veritable patchwork of silicone implants, horrible ginger growlers and pink fishnets. There can be only one explanation for this phenomenon - Britain is rapidly becoming a nation of 'Bush Wankers'. To find out if you're one of this growing band of outdoor ferret strokers, simply answer the piss-easy questions below...

1 It's 6am. in the morning. What are you up to?

A. Tucked up in bed, backfiring like an old Bedford fan, in a pool of your own piss and vomit.

B. Tucked up in bed with another mans hand shoved up your arse.

C. Heading out of the back door clutching a dog lead and a rolled up copy of Razzle.

2 Who was the first magazine Pin-up girl you chucked your fat over?

A. It was some old bird in a girdle out of the lingerie section of your mum's Littlewoods catalogue.

B. Samantha Fox.

C. Kate Bush.

3 Do you do much reading?

A. Not a lot. Apart from the Racing Post of course. And the footy results. The last novel you read was Peter and Jane book 2b.

B. You're too busy writing your memoirs at the moment, working title - 'I was a popular glove puppet in the 70's.'

C. Never. You much prefer looking at pictures. Besides you don't own a single piece of literature without half the pages stuck together.

4 Who is your best friend?

A. No one really, you're just one of the lads. Your best mate from school got that bike from the chippy banged up, and now he's lumped with a 25 year mortgage, a crap dead-end job and a loose wife. He doesn't come out much anymore.

B. Mr. Derek.

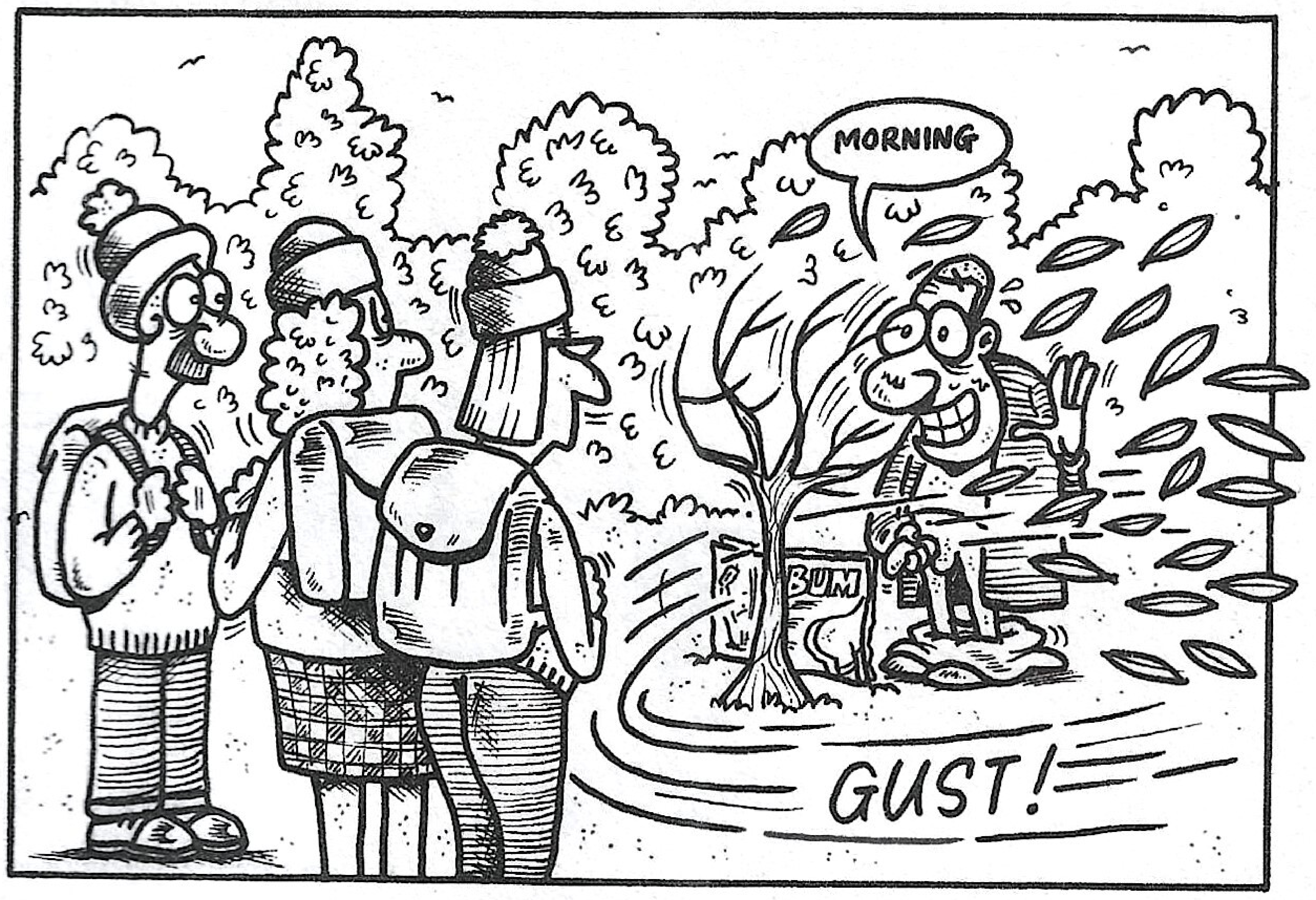
C. The owner of the all day newsagents with a top shelf the length of two double deckers.

5 Have you got a criminal record?

A. Numerous minor driving offenses. There's more points on your license than there's tits on a hog.

B. You've got the last Oasis record and that's pretty bad.

C. Last Autumn you received a caution for exposing yourself to the ramblers society, when a gust of wind blew all the leaves off your favourite wanking bush.



6 What are your favourite items of clothing?

A. 2 pairs of 'Japanese schoolgirl knickers' you won in a raffle.

B. You've only got two. A deer stalker hat and a cape.

C. A brown macintosh jacket with extra large 'magazine size' inside pockets and a home made rubber glove with a hairy palm.

7 Have you ever been to see a palm reader?

A. What's the point? That whole palm reading caper's a load of bollocks anyway. Make believe, like aliens, Santa Claus and Elvis.

B. There's no point. You're palms are simply a pair of sewn on felt discs.

C. There's no point, you've worn away all the lines.

8 What physical injuries are you currently sporting?

A. Two cracked ribs and a broken nose. You woke up in the middle of the night with a bladder like a space-hopper and slipped arse over tit on a half eaten kebab while staggering to the khazi.

B. A slight amount of fraying round the edges.

C. Chronic repetitive stress injuries to both wrists plus rapidly failing eyesight.

9 Do you ever go for long walks in the countryside?

A. Like fuck you do! The countryside is for sheep shaggers and hippys. And as for walking, if God had meant us to walk he wouldn't have invented Ford Capris.

B. No way. You can't risk coming across a bunch of poncey toffs on horseback taking their dogs for a walk

C. Every day. For at least 20 minutes before breakfast. You did say "long *wanks* in the countryside" didn't you?

10 If you were granted a single wish, which would you choose?

A. That your fucking headache would go away so you can start drinking again.

B. A ban on fox hunting

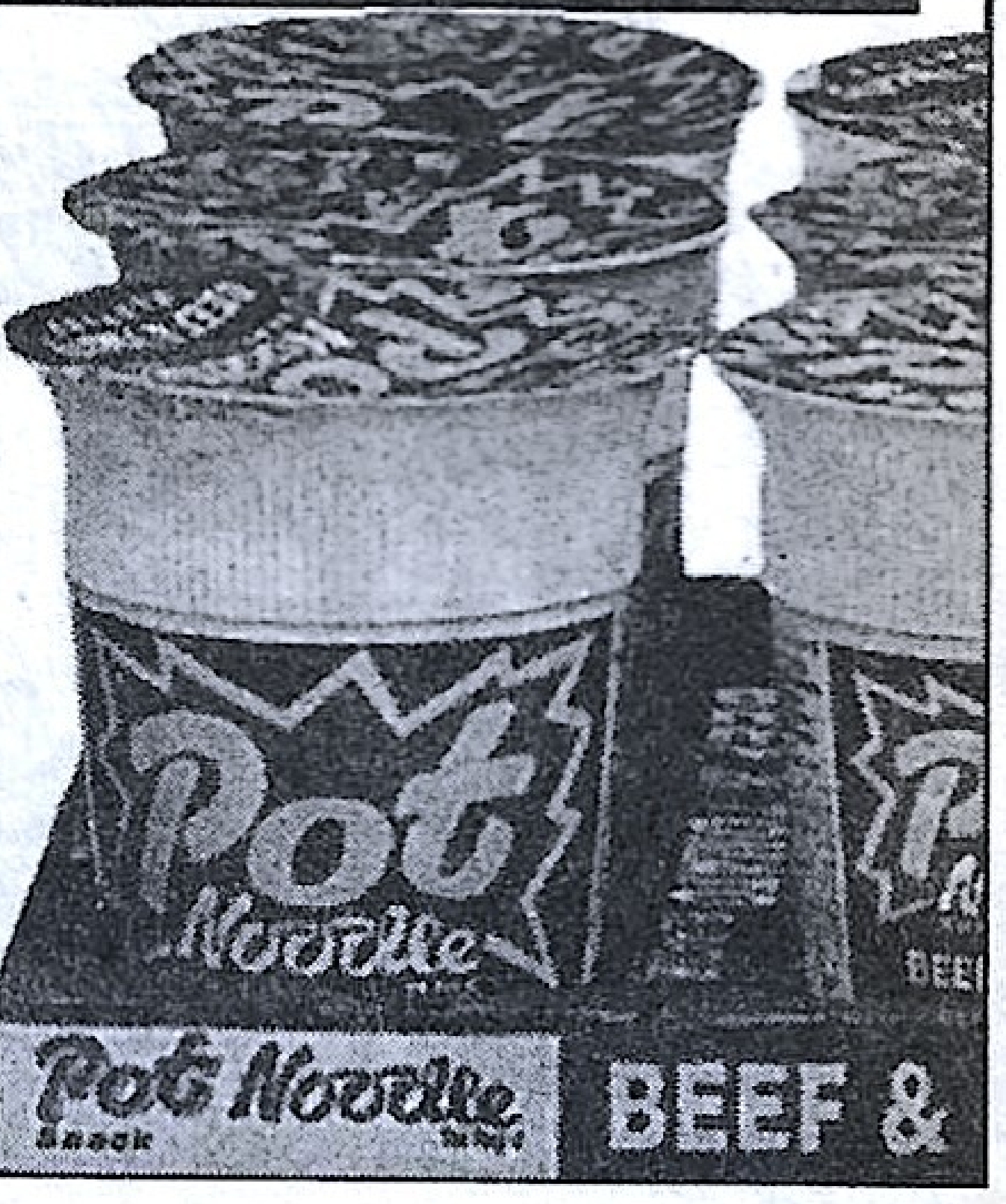
C. That someone invents a paper coating that prevents pages being welded together by sponk.

URGENT PRODUCT RECALL

Any one who has recently purchased the following goods are being urged to return them immediately for a full refund.

Pot Noodle (Beef & Tomato flavour)
Pot Noodle (Chicken and Mushroom)
Pot Noodle (Spicy Piss)

Not because there's anything particularly wrong with them. Because they're fuckin' crap.



So are you a Bush Wanker?

HOW DID YOU SCORE?

Mostly A's - Nope. You're just an ordinary Joe with a hangover. Not that there's anything wrong with that mind you. A few spare notes in your pocket, A healthy appetite for beer and the odd shag. We envy you mate.

Mostly B's - Nope. You're Basil Brush. A comedy fox puppet from the 70's. Sadly, now residing in the Harry Corbett Home for retired Glove Puppets, along with Sooty, Spit the dog and Emu.

Mostly C's - So its you is it? You filthy get. I bet you're the bloke who leaves used condoms on peoples lawns too. Well we know who you are now. And we know where you live. So watch it.

Kindly greet the hard wearing Pottery Woman Shoe...

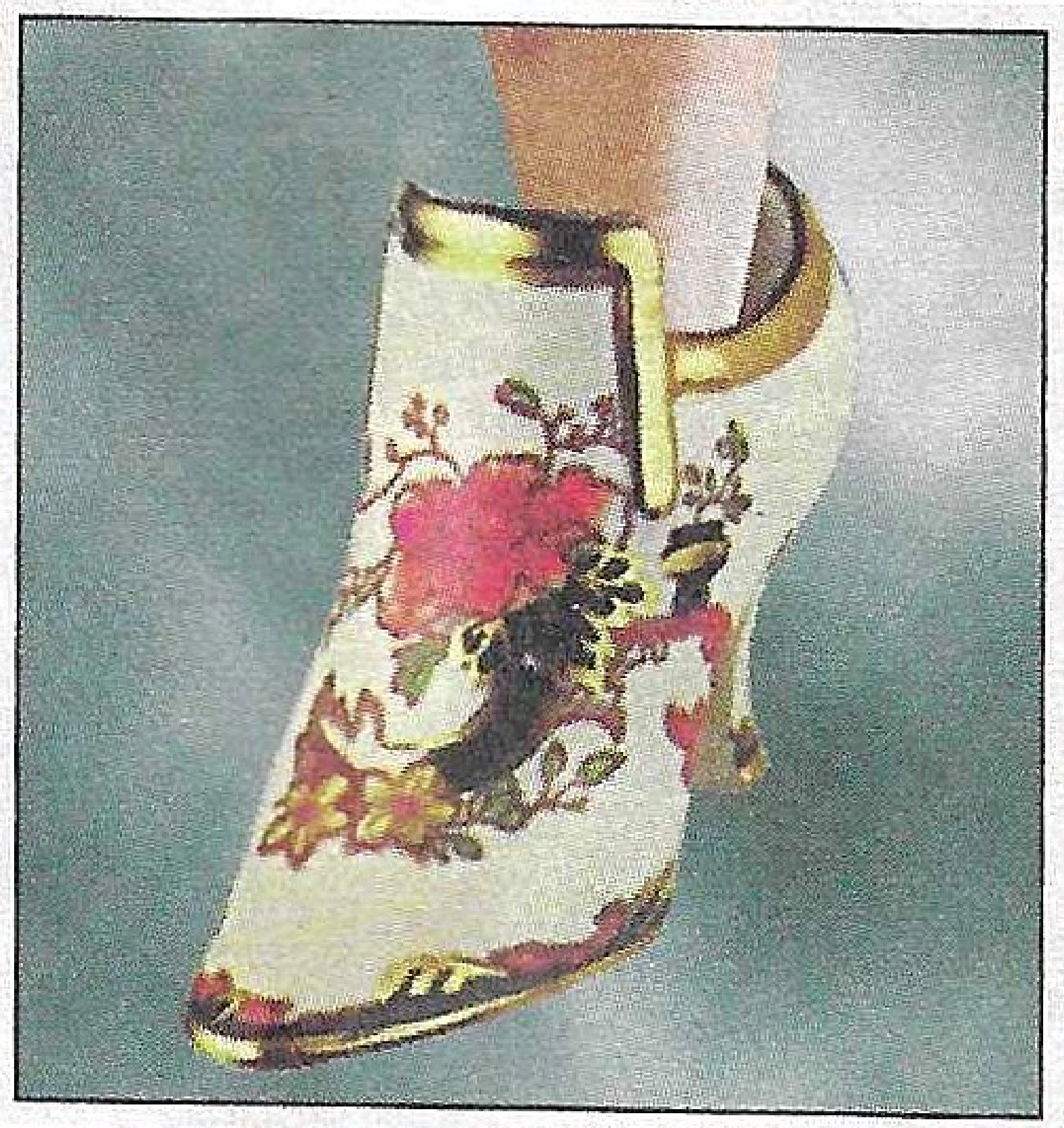
A unique batch of sexy bone china footwear which, although tremendously uncomfortable, still manages to look fairly posh...

£2.50
(For left shoe)
£399.99
For right one.

A World first from Compkin and Blerrett!

What is the lifespan of a regularly worn cow-hide shoe? A matter of weeks. A month at the most. By which time they are falling off your feet, letting in urine and caked in excrement. That, if you'll pardon our French, is one motherfucking cunt tit cock rimming, filching piss big rip off. Just look at your plates and cups! You use those lovely guys daily, and yet they last forever and a day. Is it only the crazy dream of a mad idiot that the two formats could somehow be combined?

No, because it's happened. It is happening. See above. Join our war. Next year, depending on the success of the ladies' range, we plan to launch a selection aimed at the world's gentlemen. Not china though. Glass. Casual plate glass moccasins. Brightly coloured stained glass trainers. Stylish brown beer bottle glass brogues.



A Childish Victorian Dream

Independently hand fashioned on a vintage potter's wheel in a knackered barn, these ornate and gay loafers are guaranteed to spin every single head as they clatter slowly down the road. As worn in the olden days when everything was the best for one and all. Also guaranteed 100% waterproof - unless shatterage happens.

The Sea of Tranquility

This minty cool, ice blue earthenware pump looks so very sexy and sophisticated on the bottom end of a tarts leg, particularly if she's wearing some of them nice brown tights. No running though - unless you're stood somewhere soft. On a sandy beach say. Or knee deep in a peat bog.

The Bent Blue Nun

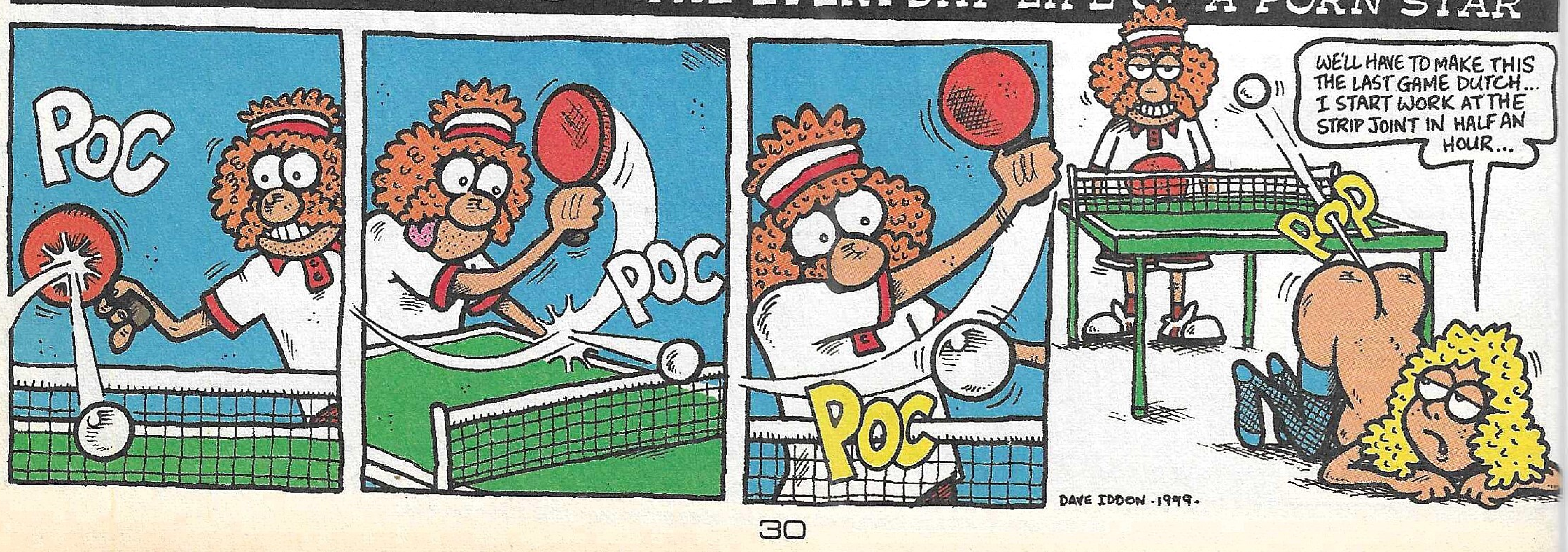
This beautifully tooled high heeled bootlet is individually decorated in the well known 'chinky' style. Them blue lines and that. They're comfier than a furry old slipper too! So light! So tight!

***WARNING:** Savage rubbing to occur in heel, ankle, bridge and toe areas of shod foot.*

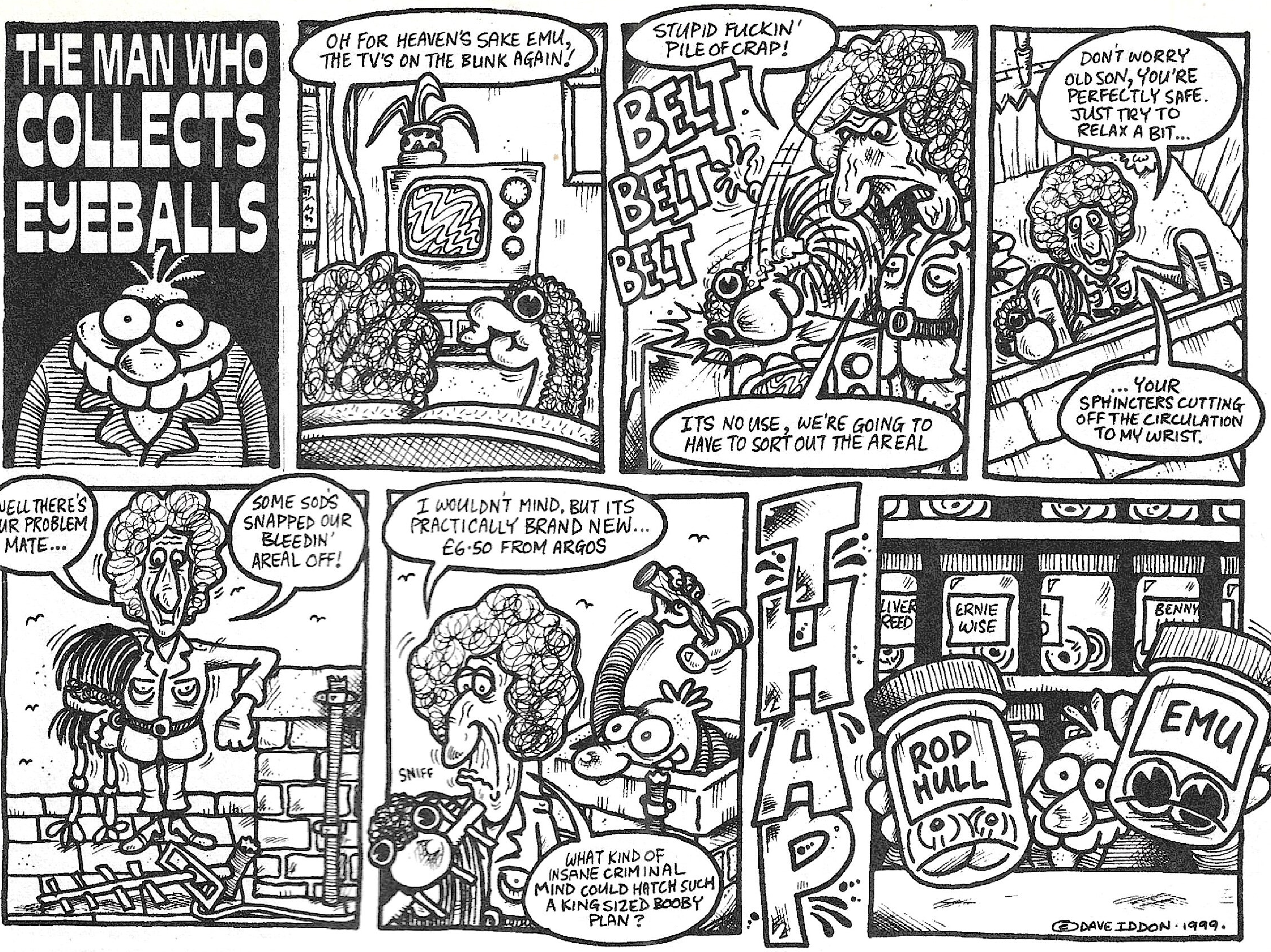
The Gordon Giltrap

Top of the range, gold plated sandal. The Gordon Giltrap is a masterpiece of modern potterymanship. Classic styling and the finest bone china combine to deliver arguably our finest lump of footware to date. Ideal for any densely carpeted occasion and a real head turner. You'd be a twat not to buy a pair.

Dutch Hardcore - THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF A PORN STAR


POC
POC
POC
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THIS THE LAST GAME DUTCH... I START WORK AT THE STRIP JOINT IN HALF AN HOUR...
POP
DAVE IDDON ·1999·

THE MAN WHO COLLECTS EYEBALLS


OH FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE EMU, THE TV'S ON THE BLINK AGAIN!
STUPID FUCKIN' PILE OF CRAP!
BELT
BELT
BELT
ITS NO USE, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SORT OUT THE AREAL
DON'T WORRY OLD SON, YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE. JUST TRY TO RELAX A BIT...
... YOUR SPHINCTERS CUTTING OFF THE CIRCULATION TO MY WRIST.
WELL THERE'S OUR PROBLEM MATE...
SOME SOD'S SNAPPED OUR BLEEDIN' AREAL OFF!
I WOULDN'T MIND, BUT ITS PRACTICALLY BRAND NEW... £6·50 FROM ARGOS
SNIFF
WHAT KIND OF INSANE CRIMINAL MIND COULD HATCH SUCH A KING SIZED BOOBY PLAN?
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LIVER REED
ERNIE WISE
BENNY
ROD HULL
EMU
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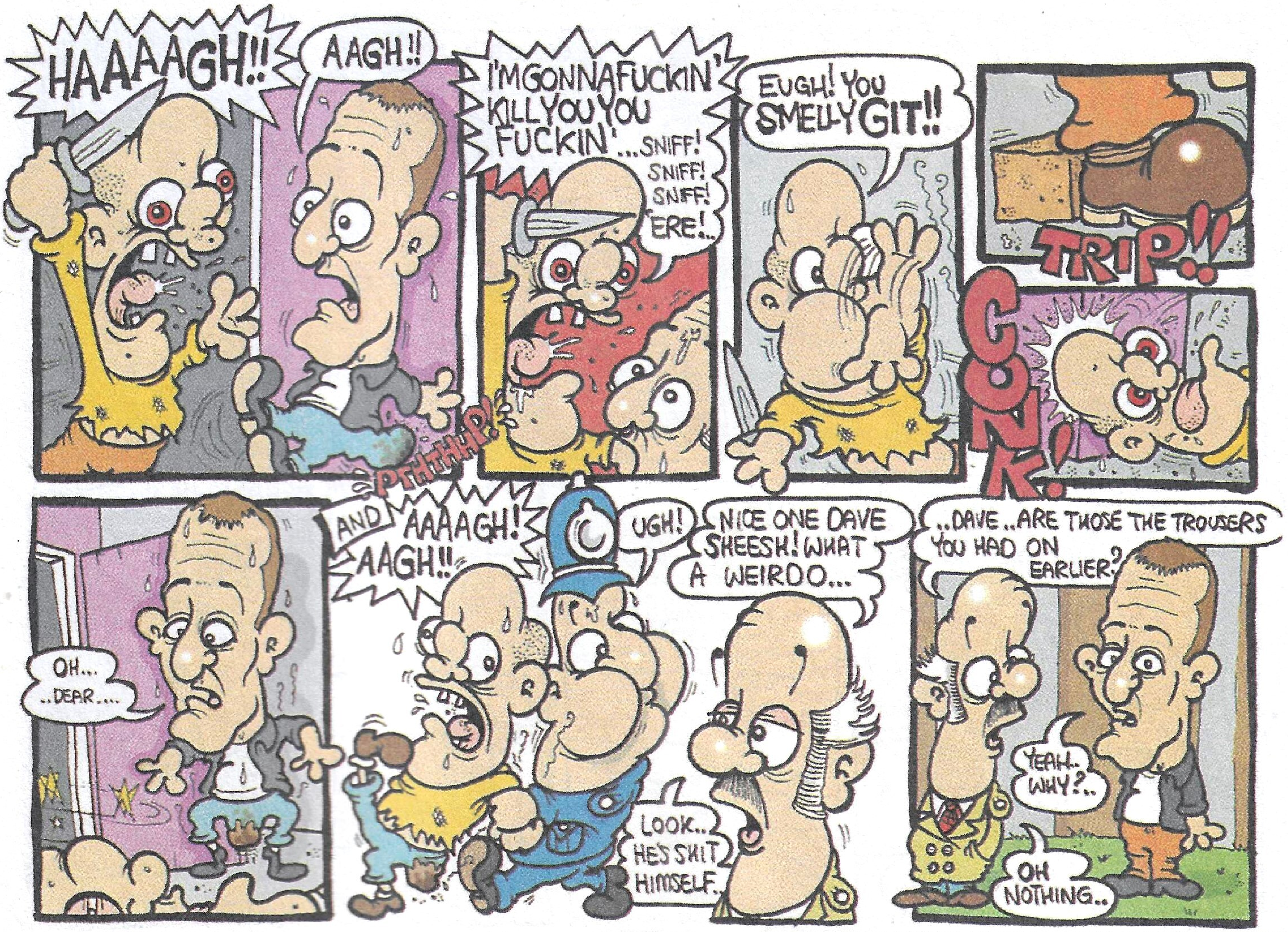
Robson Green in

TOUCHING CLOTH

..Maverick cop Dave Creegan is always busting for a shit..

..DEAR GOD..LOOK AT HER,SHE MUST BE..WHAT 20?..21?.. ..HER WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF HER... CHRIST... MAKES YOU WONDER, DOESN'T IT, DAVE...
..DAVE, YOU ALRIGHT..?
..YEH! FINE!.. IT'S THESE CASES Y'KNOW..THEY GET TO ME A BIT...
NNGH!!..
SIGH! YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, DAVE...
FUCKIN'ELL..WHY DO THESE POXY STIFFS ALWAYS TURN UP IN THE MIDDLE OF FUCKIN' NOWHERE?..
..WHAT MAKES 'EM DO IT, EH?...
..NOT A FRIGGIN' KHAZI FOR MILES!...
.. MICK, I'M GOING TO HAVE A QUICK LOOK AROUND..... FOR.. CLUES OR SOMETHING..
RIGHT, GOOD IDEA, DAVE..
..CHRIST! I'VE GOT A RIGHT TORTOISE-TAIL ON ME..
..IT'S NO GOOD..I'M GOIN' TO HAVE TO CURL ONE HERE!..
FRANTIC UN-BUCKLING
DAVE! QUICK!! OVER HERE!!
WHIMPER!
WHAT IS ...NNGH...IT MICK?...
..A TRAIL OF BLOODY FOOTPRINTS.. FRESH... ..SCRAPS OF THE GIRLS CLOTHING..
..THE TRAIL LEADS OVER THERE...
..TO THAT CARAVAN..
..CARAVAN!........ ..CHEMICAL TOILET!
RIGHT!..I'LL CHECK OUT THE 'VAN-YOU GO AND GET PHORENSIC ONTO THAT BLOOD..
BUT....
..DON'T YOU WANT ME TO COME WITH YOU?..
NOPE
TOILET
OH JOY!!
THHP!


HAAAAGH!!
AAGH!!
I'M GONNA FUCKIN' KILL YOU YOU FUCKIN'...SNIFF! SNIFF! SNIFF! 'ERE!..
PTHTHHP!
EUGH! YOU SMELLY GIT!!
TRIP!!
CONK!
AND AAGH!!
AAAAGH!
UGH!
NICE ONE DAVE
SHEESH! WHAT A WEIRDO...
OH... ..DEAR....
LOOK.. HE'S SHIT HIMSELF..
..DAVE..ARE THOSE THE TROUSERS YOU HAD ON EARLIER?
YEAH.. WHY?..
OH NOTHING..

Bugger me! Its the safest MOBILE PHONE on earth!

Ever since it was brought to the public's attention that everyone who's ever used a mobile phone has now got a squid growing in their brain, the telecom companies have been been working round the clock to come up with a safer design.

First out of the blocks is Cardiff based Taffcom, who unveiled their latest prototype at a recent village fete. Near Rhyl.

A spokeswoman for Taffcom told us, "We've obviously taken the recent 'brain squid' report very seriously indeed and would like to assure the public that every effort is being taken to stop our products from cooking your brains. To this end we are proud to unveil the Taffcom 2000."

Boasting the title of 'Safest mobile phone on earth', The Taffcom 2000 is basically an ordinary mobile phone encased in half a ton of lead with an attractive concrete outer shell.

Its good to toke

We asked the spokeswoman if a telephone that weighed around half a ton could still be classed as a 'mobile'? and she told us, "No. It cannot" Then went on to explain, "You couldn't really class it as a phone either, seeing as its impossible to hear it ringing. And even if you could, you couldn't answer it, or talk into it, or dial on it.

To be honest, there isn't really a phone in there at all. And I'm not really a woman."

TIRED OF GETTING BRAIN CANCER FROM YOUR MOBILE?

Introducing the

Taffcom 2000

HALF A TON!
Totally Useless!

Probably the 'safest' mobile known to man

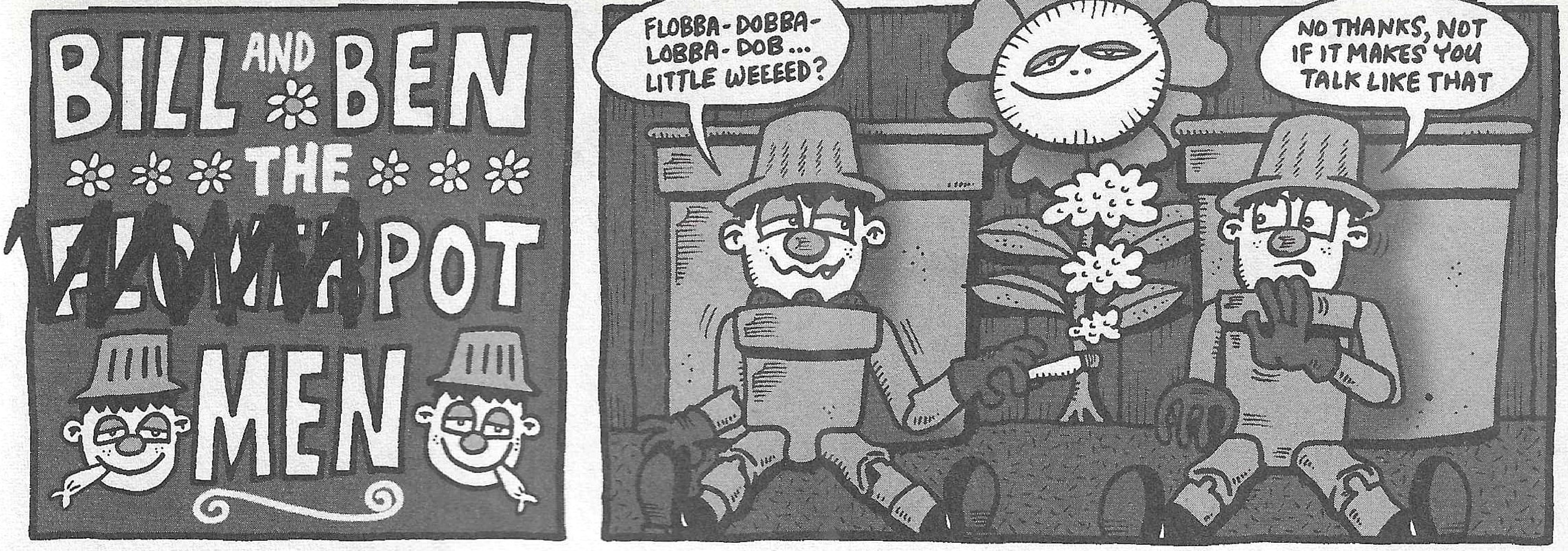
Half a ton of lead with a choice of attractively coloured concrete surrounds, the Taffcom 2000 has to be regarded as a major breakthrough in mobile phone safety. Ok, so its not very mobile and its not a phone, but its

"UNBELIEVABLY SAFE"

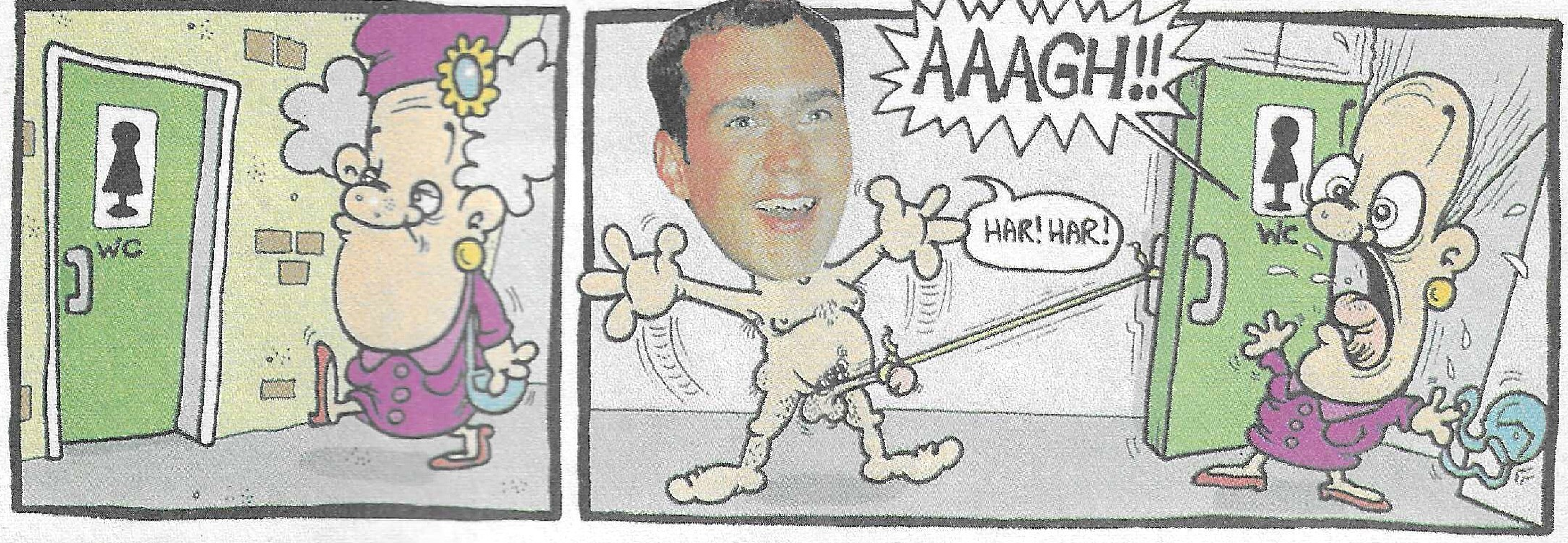
Unless you eat it.

TAFFCOM TELECOMMUNICATIONS Ltd.
21 Banjo Street, Cardiff, Scotland.

DIRTY STAN
BLUE MOVIE MAN
AFTER YEARS OF WATCHING NOTHING BUT BLUE MOVIES, STAN CRUTCH HAS BECOME CONVINCED THAT HE, IN HIS EVERYDAY LIFE, IS STARRING IN AN ADULT PRODUCTION...
THE JOB CENTRE...
GOOD NEWS...
...I THINK WE'VE FINALLY FOUND YOUR IDEAL JOB MR. CRUTCH...
HMM...
WELL HUNG OLD PERVERT REQUIRED
TO APPEAR IN PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIE SET IN BANGKOK
THAI INSTITUTE OF FILM AND ...CKING
MUST SUPPLY OWN STRING VEST AND FISHNETS
WELL, IT CERTAINLY APPEARS TO BE A SUITABLE OUTLET FOR MY PARTICULAR TALENTS... I ASSUME YOU'D LIKE TO GIVE MY "C.V." A QUICK ONCE OVER?
NO! NO!
FUMBLE
...THAT WON'T BE NECCESSARY MR. CRUTCH. JUST GET YOUR FILTHY ARSE ON THE NEXT PLANE TO THAILAND!
GOOD THINKING BITCH! TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE...
THAT'S RIGHT MISS JENKINS, THE DIRTY OLD WANKER FELL FOR IT HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!
...NOW I MUST REMEMBER TO PACK THE VIBRATING MARROW
NEXT DAY...
THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING - WE ARE CURRENTLY FLYING AT AN ALTITUDE OF 30,000 FEET OVER THE PACIFIC OCEAN. ARRIVING AT BANGKOK AIRPORT IN APPROXIMATELY ONE HOUR...
COULD I INTEREST YOU IN ANYTHING SIR?
BLIMEY! WE MUST BE FILMING ALREADY!
WELL NOW YOU COME TO MENTION IT...
...I'D BE EXTREMELY INTERESTED IN WATCHING YOU BOUNCE UP AND DOWN ON THIS FOR TWENTY MINUTES!
YELP!
DON'T BE SHY MY DEAR, I CAN FEEL A "CLASSIC" IN THE OFFING...
..."STANLEY SHOOTS HIS MESS UP THE AIRLINE STEWARDESS"
BOOT
CUT! CUT!
...THIS WASN'T IN THE SCRIPT!
SPLOSH
BAH! JUST MY LUCK! STRANDED ON A REMOTE DESERT ISLAND...
WELCOME TO CHIMP ISLAND POPULATION: 200 (CHIMPANZEES)
STILL, THE SHOW MUST GO ON...
SHORTLY...
RIGHT, WE'LL BE SHOOTING THE TITWANK SCENE FIRST, SO EVERYBODY ON THEIR MARKS...
AH AH AHAH
OOH OOH OOH
AH AH AH AH
COME ON! COME ON! LET'S SHOW A LITTLE PROFESSIONALISM HERE!
© DAVE IDDON - 1999.


BILL AND BEN THE [redacted]POT MEN
FLOBBA-DOBBA-LOBBA-DOB... LITTLE WEEEED?
NO THANKS, NOT IF IT MAKES YOU TALK LIKE THAT

One Man and his Dong *with* JOHNNY VAUGHAN


WC
AAAGH!!
HAR! HAR!
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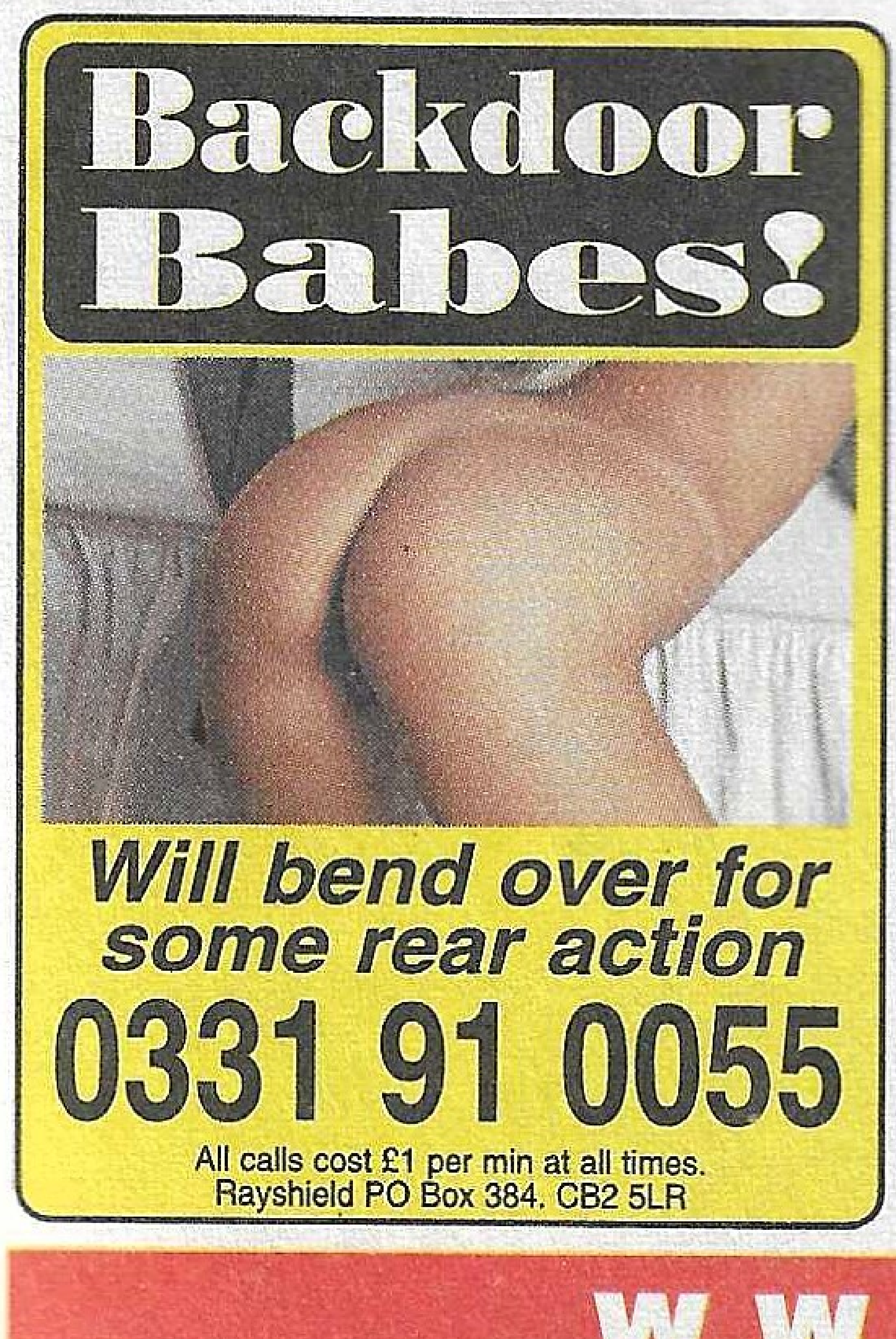
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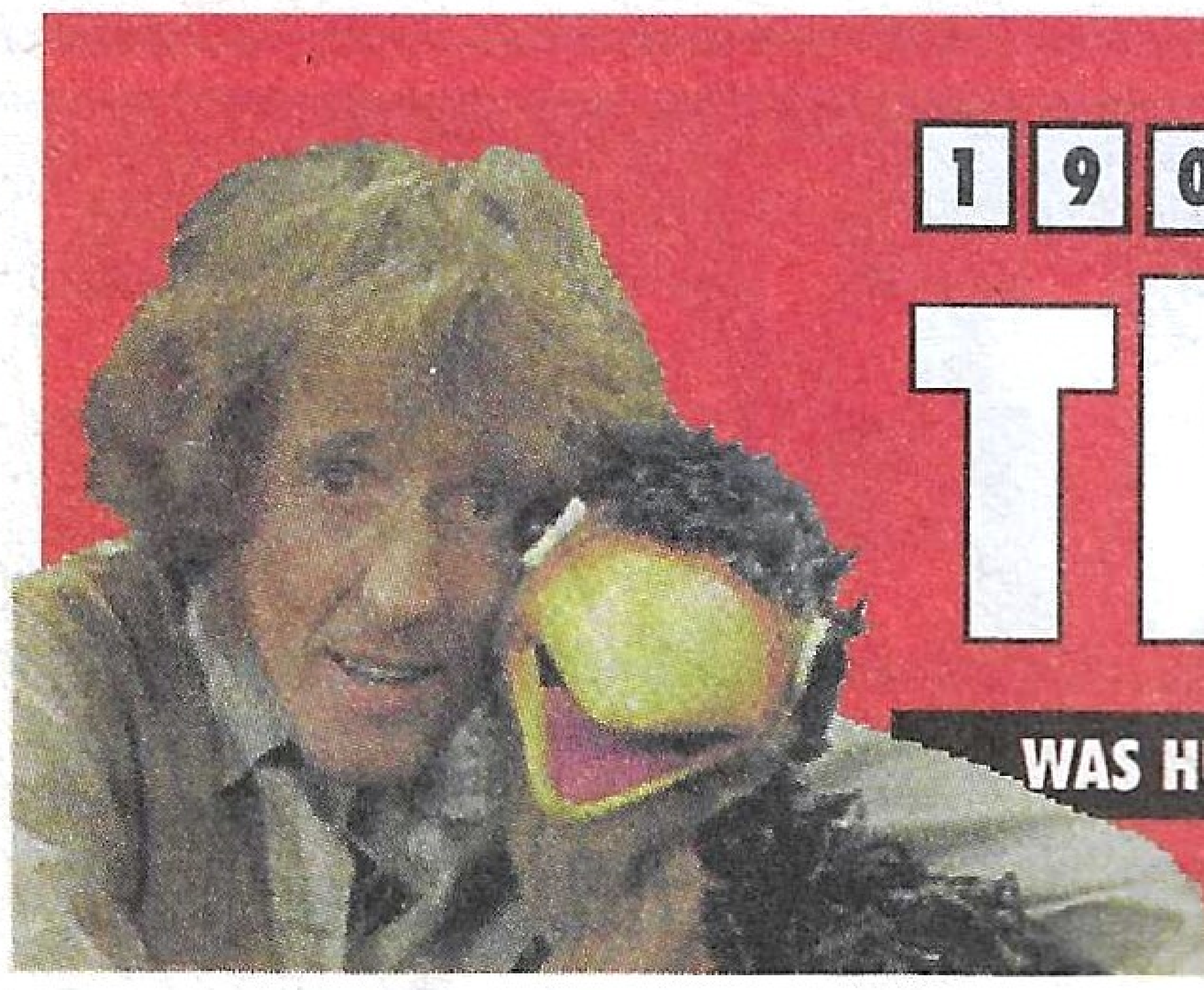


190 COUNTDOWN TO DOOM

Blowing the news of the world through its horn

The Trumpet

WAS HULL PUSHED?

www.zitmag.com

30p

DEATH WISH

Countdown Supremo on Murder Rampage?

WHITELEY: *Evil gene?*

VORDERMAN: *Nude mastermind?*

Scotland Yard detectives today confirmed that they've been investigating Richard Whiteley, off TV, following on from anonymous allegations that he had embarked on a wholly unjustified DEATH WISH style 'purge' of the show-biz industry.

Some weeks ago, concerned about the recent spate of high profile celebrity deaths such as Hull, Dando, Reed and Wogan, undercover officers suspecting a possible inside job, began working covertly in the World of TV. During the course of this top secret investigation, in which officers posed as sweaty Irish cocaine peddlers, every major British TV company was penetrated quite smoothly.

"The more stars our officers fed 'Charlie' to, the more vague murmurs they heard concerning the wild behaviour of Mr R. Whiteley off of Countdown. This guy may have the public image of a soppy daft twat, but many of the 'powdered' celebrities unveiled a completely different side to his character." Said an old pig with a fancy hat on yesterday.

Moments later a faithful Countdown insider, who flatly refused to be named, cornered us in a pub and agreed to spill out his guts in exchange for thirty five pounds. From now on we'll call him Mr Dong.

Death and Destruction

"Whiteley is one bad cunt. People who've known him for years reckon that he went odd after that ferret bit his hand in the '70s. Angry like. They say his entire face changed overnight. Who knows, maybe that rodent's teeth injected one of those evil 'genes' into his veins." Said Mr Dong.

"I mean, sometimes the man goes berserk during that halfway break! Spitting, swearing, pulling knives on people, throwing live snakes around. He once lobbed a Black Mamba into dictionary corner! It landed on my chest and my nips 'n' dick ended up badly bitten. I'll get him back for that, or my name isn't Tom O'Connor." Added Mr Dong.

We asked one of Stoke's leading ferret experts if there was any sanity at all in Tom's 'evil biting ferret gene' theory.

"A traditional ferret nip can unfold in two ways!" He explained, "Some people recover to lead drab normal lives, the others mostly wind up with rabies and die screaming for their ma-ma. But on no occasion, in all my time in the ferret kingdom, has a victim ever been driven to embark on a spree of murder and mayhem."

Ignoring this fact, further evidence against Whiteley was harvested in the form of an Oxford English Dictionary found in perfect condition at a library less than ninety miles away from where Rod Hull fell to his embarrassing death.

Pool of Piss

Days later, a home-made dirty picture of Carol Vorderman was found floating in a pool of piss under Oliver Reeds massive carcass. Finally, events took yet another tremendous twist early last night when the clapped out 'rock' has been, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO. COLUMN ONE. ABOUT HALFWAY DOWN. UNDER WHITELEY'S ELBOW.

Trumpet Today

Quentin Pettigrew

“I need 8 cans of cheap white cider just to get out of bed in the morning. By elevensies I'm into the short stuff and by two I've usually forgotten who I am. But I'm not an alkie. No fuckin' way.”

Also

- Celebrities
- Games
- Chat
- Rubbish
- Purnell Baxter
- Piss

PLUS The Cloven Hoof

FROM PAGE ONE

chat-show parasite Rick Wakeman emitted the following sounds from his gob at a packed press conference in Lima, the capital of Peru, S. America.

“Yes, Richard Whiteley is a violent and unpredictable murderer. No-one is denying that. But it is not his fault. He is merely a small prawn in this game, sizzling in a far larger wok or, if you prefer, conspiracy. A conspiracy born in the enormous brain of Carol Vorderman!”

At which point bottles and rocks were thrown at the stage, spooking Wakeman and forcing him to flee back to the hills.

YELTSIN'S BIG NUT

Turn to page 9

Countdown to Insanity

Picture the moment...

The conundrum has been solved, a selection of gentle ‘jokes’ about Richard's neck-tie have just been spouted by Vorderman, and the studio lights are fading away. It's the end of yet another segment of Countdown, the long running Channel 4 puzzle game beloved of pensioners and the hardened unemployed alike.

For most members of the crew this should be a time to relax. To lie down and fall asleep on the floor. Others might prefer to dance around a pole in simple celebration and drink Whisky from the bottle. Or to sit quietly, contemplating the knowledge of a job well done. But if Rick Wakeman is to be believed, the end of each show is almost always the beginning of a nightmarish vortex of violence and naked fear for all concerned.

Carrots

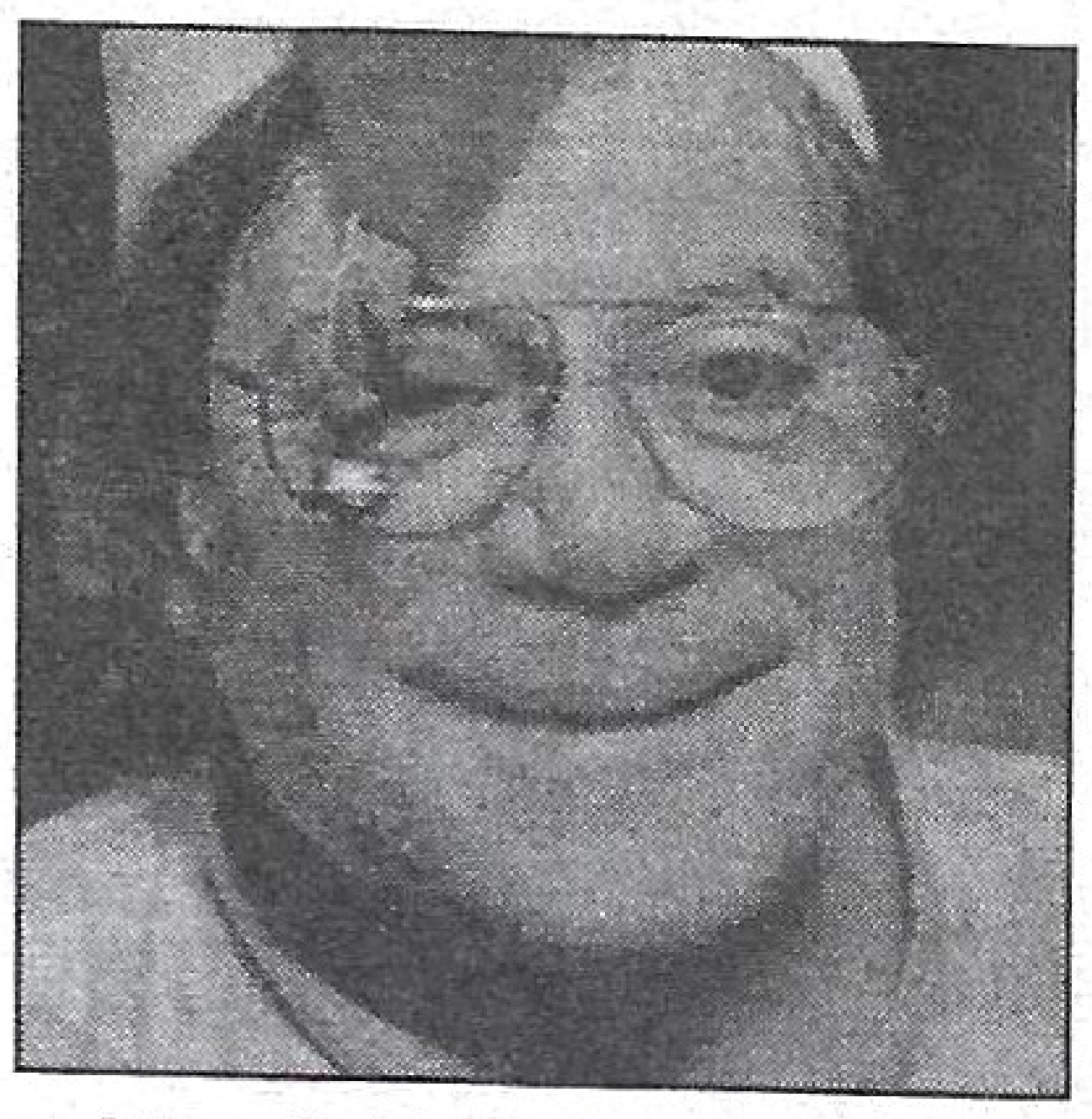
“Richard is usually up, out of his seat and grappling with the defeated contestant within five seconds of that camera cutting away. It's terrible. I once watched him rag an old woman around until he literally tore her out of her suit. She'd only scored 23 and Richard said this wasn't ‘adequate’. That poor old goose ended up scuffed, grazed and naked before us all. After a while, we all stopped laughing and felt bad.”

At first, when Rick abandoned his sex, drugs and crap rock ‘n’ roll lifestyle in favour of looking up words in a dictionary on afternoon TV, he took Whiteley's behaviour to be some sort of in joke. A game. Harmless stupidity.

Cabbages

“I never thought for one moment that Richard was actually hurting the people. That only dawned later on when he pulled out a pistol and loosed off eight rounds with his eyes closed. I was shot twice in the shin. That's when I realised that he really had been kicking, punching, knifing and stamping on those people all along.

“Fortunately I have been numb from the waist down ever since my 1978 concept album, “King Arthur and the endless voyage of the Seabass” flopped everywhere on Earth apart from Belgium, so I felt no pain. But it scared me badly. I wanted to leave the show, but Richard got me in a headlock, put his gun against my left temple and begged me to stay for good. In the end we compromised and I signed up for another 8000 shows,



• Reed. Poisoned Schnapps?

4 Fascinating Ferrety Facts

① The length of a male ferret's head is decided at conception by the gravitational pull of the moon as it floats by.

② Ferrets in New Zealand live on a healthy diet of raw stolen lamb, wheat cakes and herbal remedies. The English variety though, have been known to steal penny chews from the mouths of yawning children.

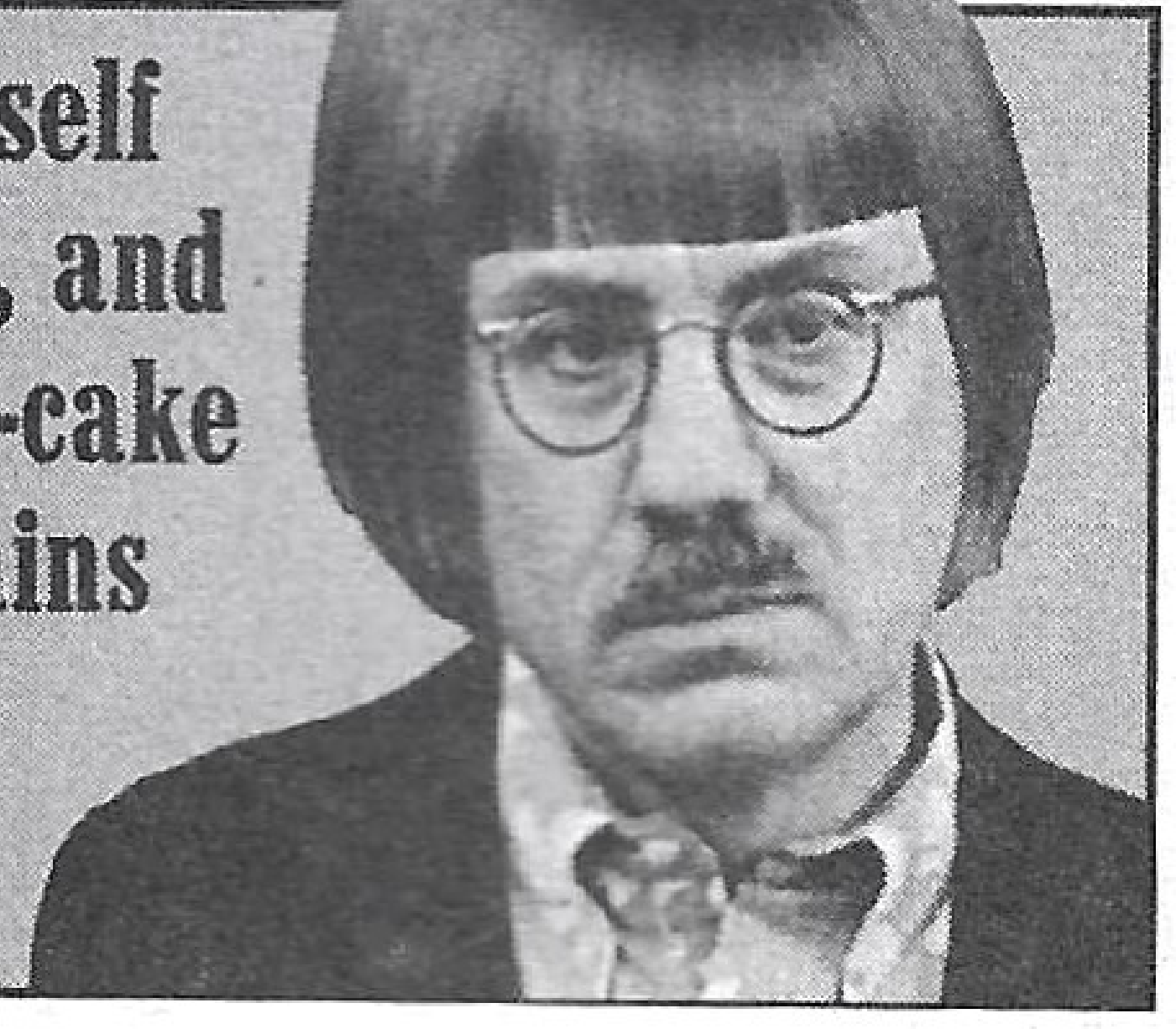
③ A ferret appears in the bible, briefly, near the end, as a rabbi.

④ Ferrets are five times more likely to bite people who wear spectacles. They spot their twin reflections in the shiny lenses and assume that the windscreened monster in front of them is a large robot being driven by two ferrets, and is therefore a threat to law and order.

A ferret a fool and a fit bit. - The recipe for MURDER?

• The Puppet Master? Whiteley was mesmerised by Vorderman's spelling prowess.

Countdown regular, self taught ferret master, and '70's prog rock arse-cake Rick Wakeman explains why he shares Tom O'Connor's fear.



slightly better than the 25,000 that Richard originally demanded.."

Years earlier, during the recording of his 1975 album "The life and times of Ghengis Khan in Camelot", which flopped everywhere apart from Vatican City, Rick had decided to devote much of his remaining life to the study of Ferrets and Weasels.

String Beans

"I soon got bored with weasels, who are shit, and began concentrating on ferrets. I read about the evil ferret gene and was amazed. Male ferrets actually have a small pouch of 'evil gene' situated inside their knackerbag, dangling between the nuts. If bitten on a joint, this badness can be pumped out through the ferrets teeth and directly into the victim's skeleton. Soon they find themselves compelled to embark on the kind of 'Charles Bronson-esque' killing style spree as depicted so memorably in the films Death Wish 1, Death Wish 2, Death Wish 3, Death Wish 4 and, of course, Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.

As Whiteley jabbed that gun into my face I remembered that he had received just such a knuckle bite whilst filming "It'll be all right on the Night" with Norden. My fear was such that I quietly soiled myself."

Rick has also noticed something unusual between Whiteley and TV's most fuckable brain, Carol Vorderman.

"I wouldn't call it sexual tension. It's more like sexual mind control. On no occasion does Richard ever direct his violence at Carol. It's almost as if he's trying to impress her with it. I remember once, when she dropped a vowel and squatted to pick it up, he caught me peeping up her skirt and threw a chair at me. Then he copped a crafty gander himself and when he caught a glimpse of her tiny white cotton panties, I saw a dark stain appear and spread on the crotch of his trousers. I believe that that stain was human semen."

Garden Peas

We asked Rick whether he thought that Carol Vorderman was using Richard Whiteley as her own personal hitman, sending him around the country to whack one celebrity after another until, ultimately, there is no-one but Vorderman herself left to host all of the terrible TV shows that we have to watch.

• Benny Hill. A small gay mountain?

Cod in Butter

Furthermore, is this vile puppetmaster baiting that sweet little hook of hers with sneaky glimpses of gusset, sly tit squodges and downright dirty talk, transforming the already unstable and volatile 'evil ferreted' Whiteley into a sex mad nuclear missile, just waiting to go off and spatter us all in goo?

"Yes I do." He answered, slowly lowering his pants and rubbing the exposed floppy penis. A bit of piss came out of the end and dripped onto the pavement. We made our excuses and beat him up.

The Countdown Conundrum

5 startling revelations about THAT show:

① An entire series of Countdown is recorded over 2 days in a high security Old Folks Home. By the end of recording the smell of piss is overwhelming.

② Dictionary corner stalwart Richard Stilgoe was born with both male and female genitalia. And Angela Rippon's bottom half consists of a small motorised chariot unit similar to Davros.

③ The most amusing moment in the shows history took place on July 22nd. 1989. When Carl Vorderman inadvertantly spelt out the word ARSEHOLES. Several members of the audience had to be given gas.

④ COUNTDOWN is an anagram of WOODEN CUNT.

⑤ ...nearly.

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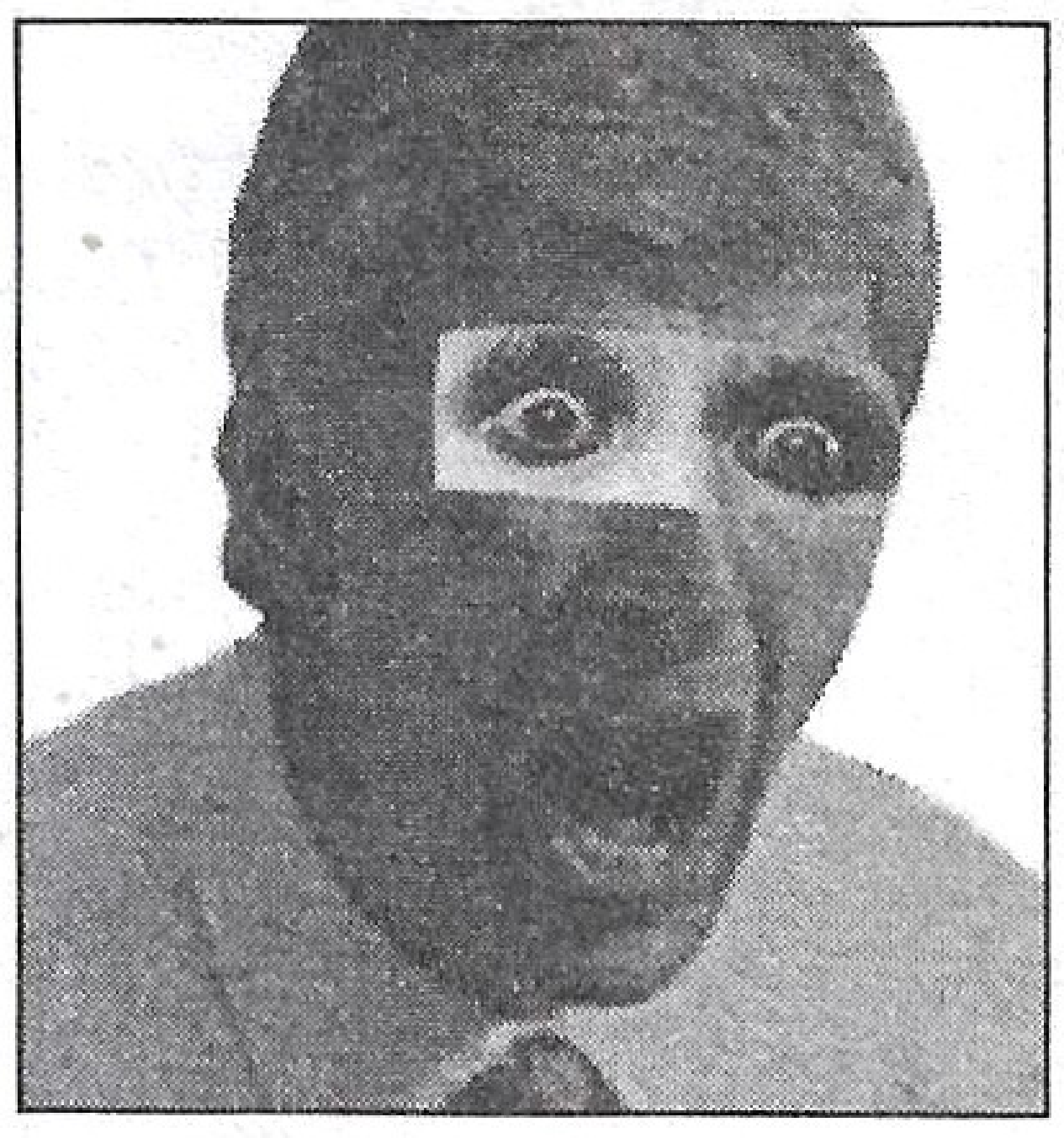
READER'S LETTERS

Dear Trumpet,
Could you tell me if there's any truth in the rumour that chief gooner, Arsene Wenger has been lined up to take over Jeremy Beadle's old show? Apparently it's going to be called 'Arsene About'.
Fred Dinage. Chigwell.

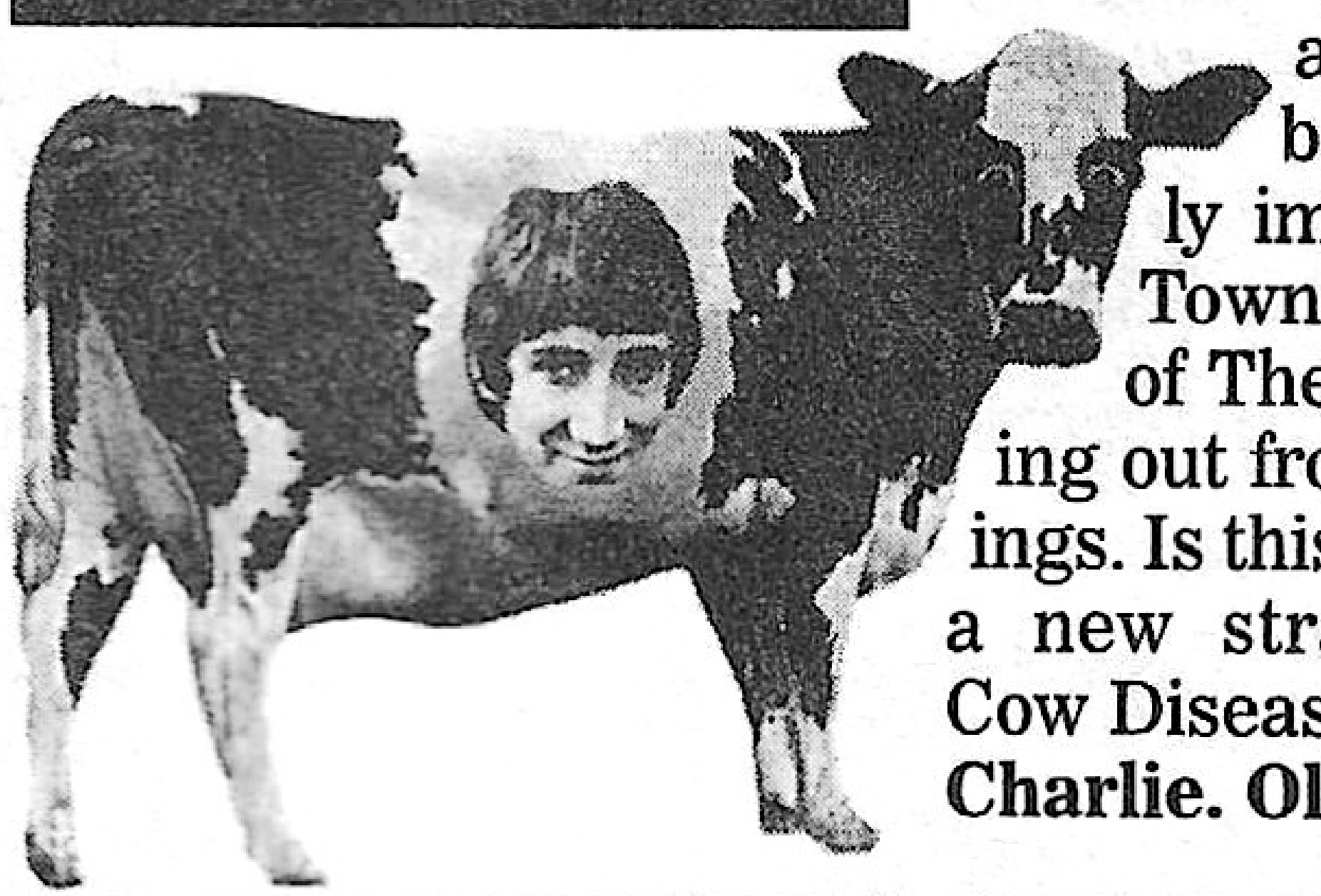


•Sorry Fred, but I think someone's been pulling your chain. We can however confirm that the big Frenchman is to host a late night 'sex talk' series entitled 'Arsene Tits'.

Dear Trumpet,
Whilst browsing through my local newsagents, looking for the latest edition of 'Tweed Wearer International' I stumbled across a copy of 'The Face' magazine. Image my horror when I discovered that it is now fashionable to wear *'flares'*. As a retired Naval Officer, I feel I must point out that strapping a pair of rockets to one's legs is a highly dangerous exercise.
Rear Admiral Geoff Biggles (retired). Kent.

Dear Trumpet,
If a piglet is a young pig, does that mean an omelette is a young 'om'?
Edward. Devon.

Mod Cow?



I was passing my local farm the other day when I spotted this Friesian, with what appears to be the ghostly image of Pete Townshend (out of The Who) peering out from its markings. Is this evidence of a new strain of Mod Cow Disease?
Charlie. Oldham.

Dear Trumpet,
When New Age Travellers reach retirement age, do they suddenly become Old Age Travellers?
Stig of the dump. Barnsley.

Dear Trumpet,
I read somewhere that Millions of people are heading down to Cornwall in August to watch it go dark for ten minutes. Surely these people could save a lot of uneccessary travel expenses by simply staying up a bit later one night and watching it go dark for free.
Doris. Eastbourne.

Hand Relief

Dear Trumpet,
I suffer from chronic arthritis of the knuckles, so I was interested to find a business card offering 'hand relief' in my local phone box. I still have arthritis but now I couldn't give a monkeys.
Reg. Telford.

Dear Trumpet,
I woke up this morning to discover yet another bill sticking through my letterbox. Do any more of your readers have a similar problem with nosey ducks?
Brian. Chesterfield.

Dear Trumpet,
What happens when Spiderman wants a shite? Surely that all in one catsuit he ponces about in presents a real problem after a night out on the ale and a curry. If he's anything like the rest of us, once his guts start rumbling he's got about 20 seconds to take the necessary steps before his arse goes off like a sten gun.
Mark. Doncaster.

Dear Trumpet,
I have been told by my doctor that I posess a lot of unchannelled aggressive energy. So I was wondering if any of your readers fancied a fight?
Malcolm. Burnley.

Dear Trumpet,
As its against the law for motorised vehicles to drive around after dark without headlamps and rear tail lights, I suggest the same rules should apply to horses. Surely the risk of accidents would be greatly reduced if horses were required to wear miners helmets and have a torch stuck up their arse.
Mick. Congleton.

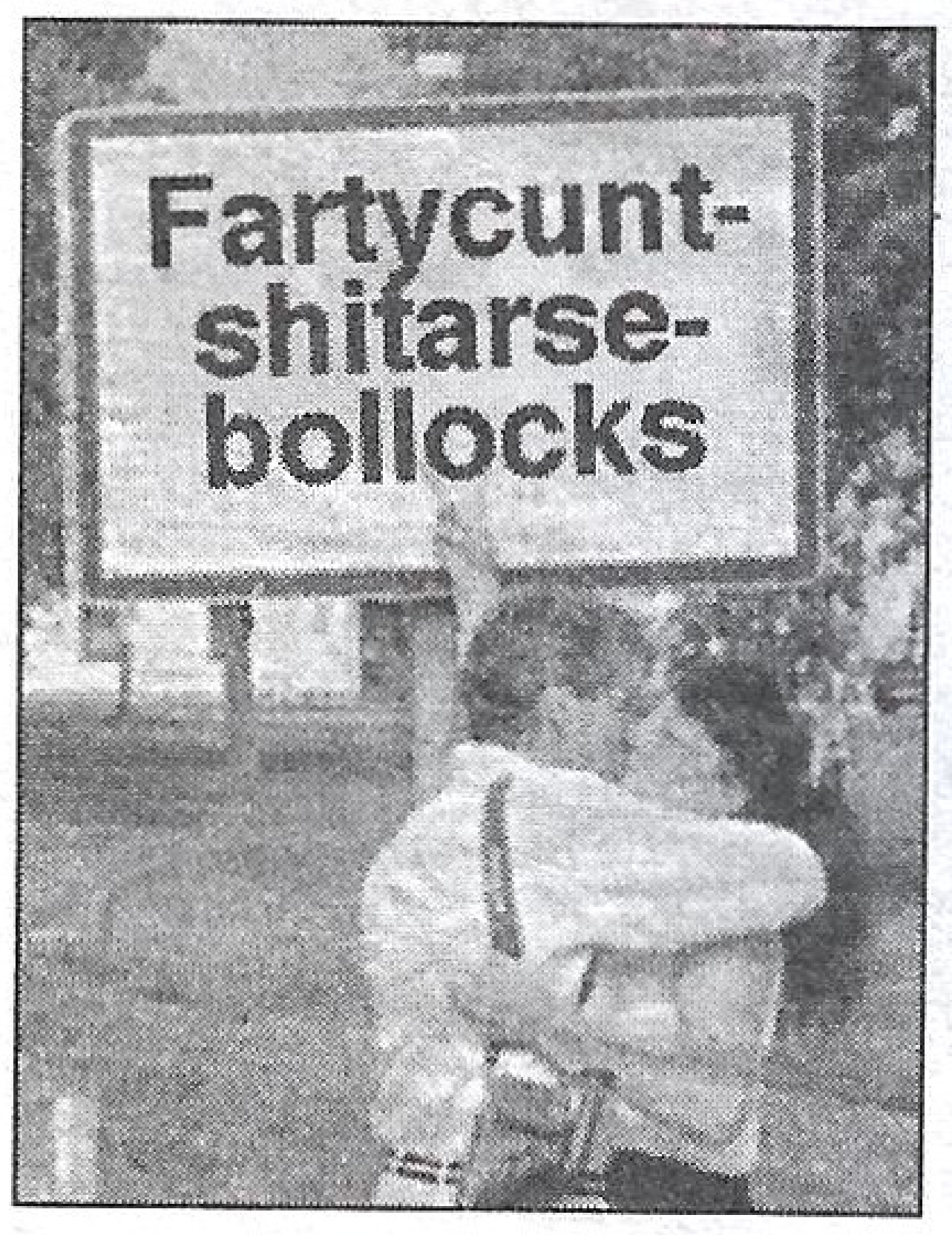
Dear Trumpet,
I think I've discovered what Lester Piggot has been up to since retiring as a jockey. He works as a platform announcer on Preston railway station.
Anthony. Leyland.

Dear Trumpet,
I have a slight problem when it comes to wanking. The trouble is, I can only reach climax by looking at pictures of that Louise bird who used to be in Eternal. Any chance of printing a photo as its several weeks since I fired my cannon?
Dudley. Dudley.

• Sorry Dudley but the nearest thing we could find was this picture of a singing weasel.

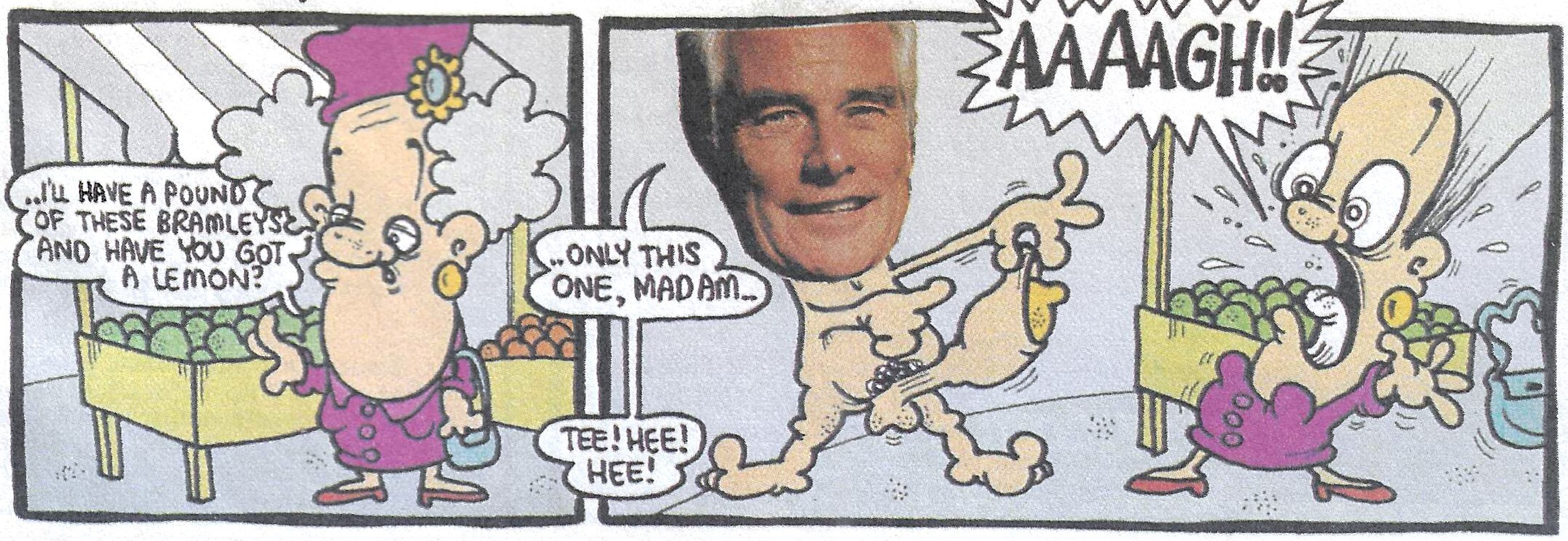
Dear Trumpet,
I've just returned from a sight-seeing trip to London, and judging by the size of Cleopatra's Needle, she must have had a fucking big sewing machine.
Angus. Aberdeen.

Dear Trumpet,
On a recent camping holiday in Belgium, my wife Pat and I spotted this rather amusing sign in a small village on the outskirts of Brussels. Pat laughed so much her tits burst into flames and I had to douse the inferno by rubbing myself against her in an erotic manner.
Dean. Newcastle.



• Have you been to an amusing foreign place. Send us a photo to the usual address

One Man and his Dong *with* ROBERT KILROY SILK



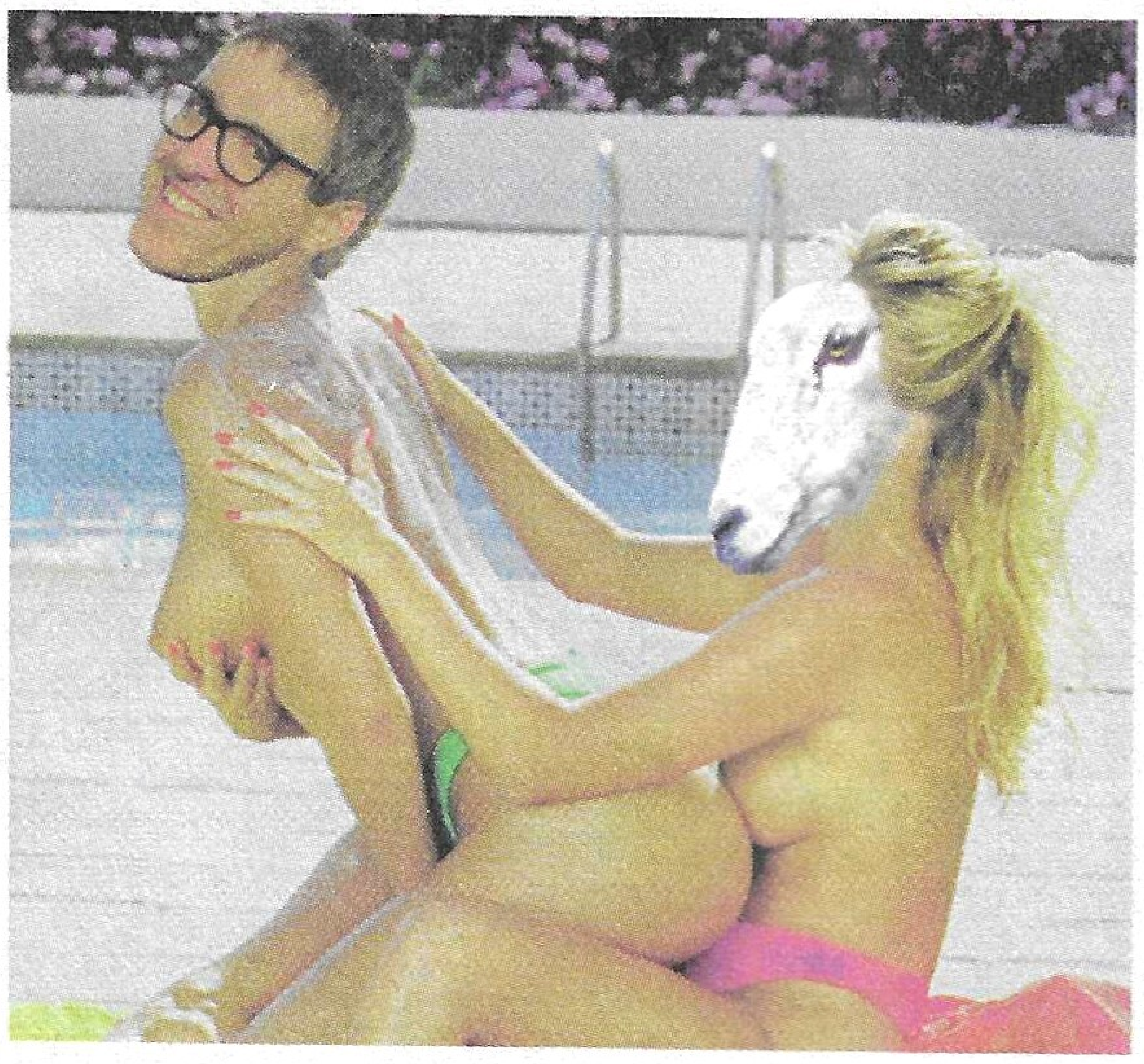
..I'LL HAVE A POUND OF THESE BRAMLEYS.. AND HAVE YOU GOT A LEMON?
..ONLY THIS ONE, MADAM..
TEE! HEE! HEE!
AAAAGH!!

TRUMPET BLAST!

THESE PICTURES SHOULD NEVER BE PUBLISHED!

Once again the respected name of British tabloid newspapers is about be dragged through a swamp.

The Trumpet has learned that our bitterest rival (who cannot be named for legal reasons but rhymes with Hun, Gun and Hot Ass Fun) is planning to publish these sneaky photographs of Griff Rhys Jones, the sweet new wife of Prince Mel Smith.



Ladygoat

The shots, snapped secretly by a (Hun, Gun and Hot Ass Fun) snooper, allegedly show the Royal spouse frolicking by a pool with a mystery goat faced friend.

Anal Action

Taken in 1993, long before Miss Rhys-Jones starting banging the man who will never be king, the photos show the two pals, laughing, dancing, rubbing sun tan lotion into one another, and engaging in sizzling hot oral, vaginal and anal action at a poplar family holiday resort in North Wales.

Bollocks

Sources close to Prince Mel are believed to be taking legal action in order to prevent their publication. A stance which we at The Trumpet wholeheartedly endorse.

These photographs must NEVER be seen. They CAN'T be seen. They MUSTN'T be seen and they CAN'T be seen!

• Above. Rhys-Jones frolicks with Goat Girl and (inset) Prince Mel in happier times.

MORE DIRTY PICTURES AND ANGER TOMORROW

Sucky!

Wasn't it Jesus of Nazareth, the well known fat carpenter and hairiest son of Christ who once said, "If there is anything better on this crappy fucking Earth than having your prick well and truly suckled on, I for one don't know what it is." Oh, no, sorry, not Jesus of Nazareth, what are we thinking of? It was by Pope John Paul the Third. Either way, we trust you'll agree, it all adds up to pretty much the same. Them blow-jobs are gr-r-r-r-reat!

Now, in a bid to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the legalisation of oral sex and the continuing popularity of TV programmes about people as ordinary and boring as ourselves, The Trumpet is proud to present the incredible

SUCKING SOAPSTOOL OF SATISFACTION!

Will you just look at it. What a sight! There's ex-Rovers gaffer, The Coronation Road's Bet Lynch. Her hot, sticky red trap hanging invitingly open, just waiting for the introduction of a stiff dong. Yours! Also, to accommodate any faggots out there, we've featured the unstable yet butch Frank Butcher out of the Eastend, who looks as though he's dying to have a teaspoonful of jollop spat down his neck! Finally, for those interested in the sexual abuse of helpless animals, there's a cute little lamb woman off Emmerdale Farmers.

Ahh, can't you just imagine twonking that fleecy forehead as your bollocks bobble on her soft woolly chin?

Cor. I'll bet you can't wait, eh? But we're afraid you'll have to. There's quite a lot of work to be done before your twisted sexual illusions can become real life fantasies. So pull those trousers up, get off your knees, and open the curtains.

Your Four Steps to Heaven...

Phase 1: Carefully snip around the top of the stool with a pair of scissors. If you have no scissors, try using a twelve inch butcher knife or a handgun.

Step 2: Seize three copies of your favourite magazine and thickly butter the front covers. Then roll each, butter side in, into a tube with an opening the width of the gaping mouths on the SUCKING STOOL. These will be your legs / deep throats. Secure each leg / deep throat with a yard of industrial brown sellotape. These babies are going to have to be at least partially 'water'proof.

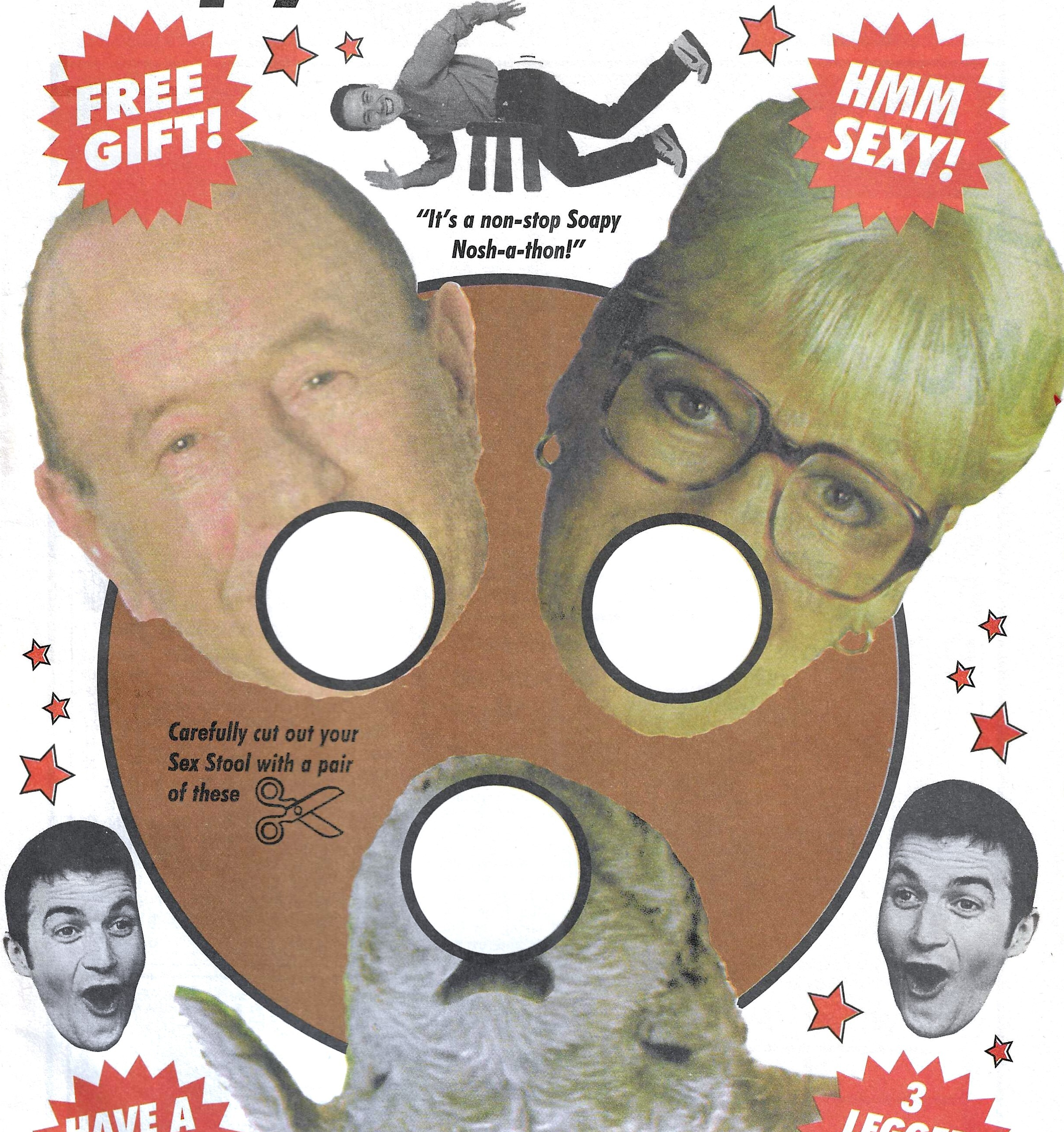
Part 3: Attach the legs to the underside of the SUCKING SOAPSTOOL using either drawing pins or staples. Make sure all the sharp bits are pointing outwards though. Unless of course you're rather partial to a bit of dick mutilation.

Act 4: Lower your trousers, kneel down and draw the curtains. Then, lie flat across the top of the stool and enjoy the experience of a lifetime. It's just like a real nosh - only better. Because this one is free!

soapy! nosh! nosh!

FREE GIFT!

HMM SEXY!



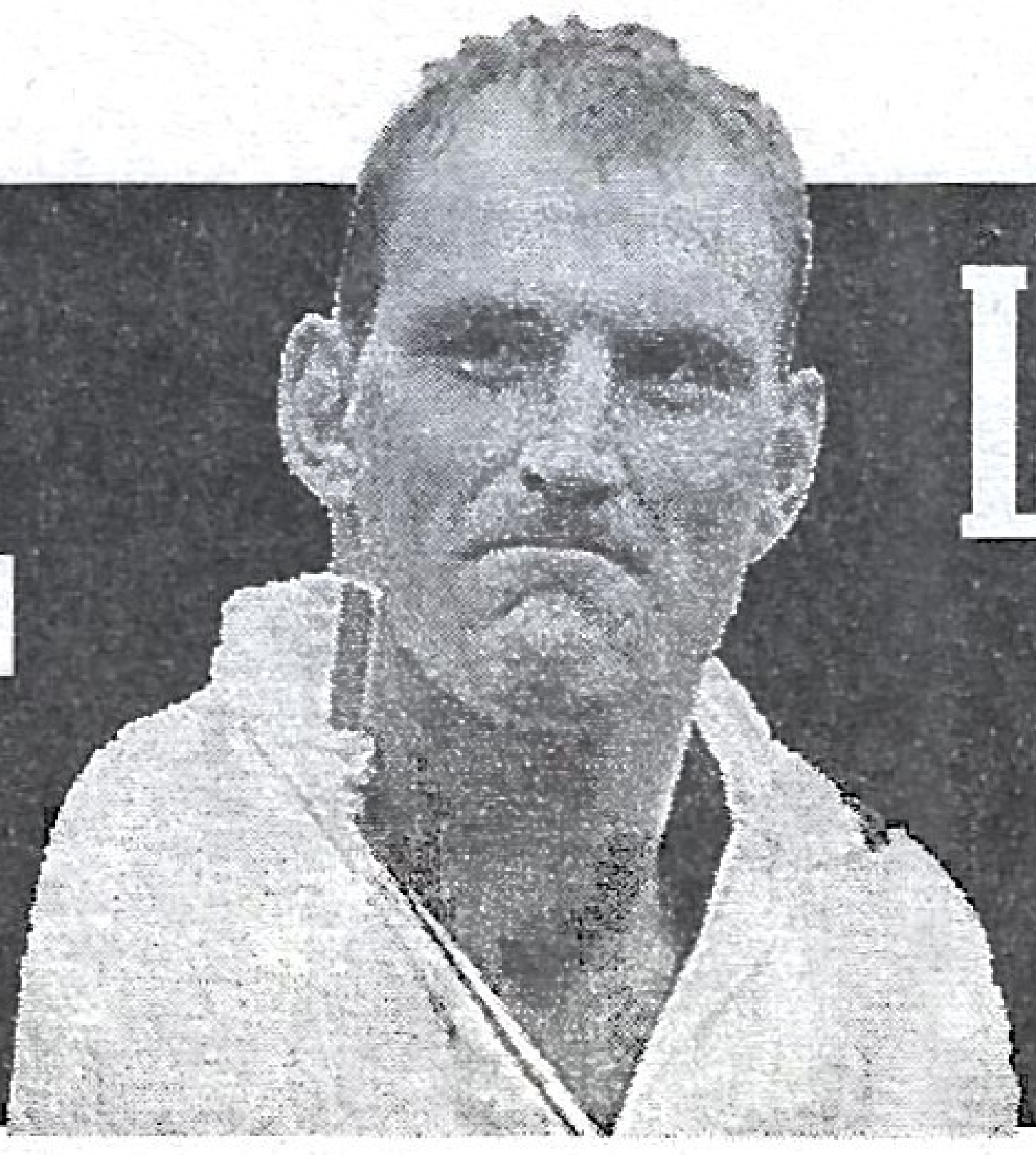
"It's a non-stop Soapy Nosh-a-thon!"

Carefully cut out your Sex Stool with a pair of these

HAVE A GOBBLE ON US!

3 LEGGED CELEBRITY SEX!

Trumpet
Sport



LAWRENCE DALLAGLIO

Cocaine dabbling ex-Drug Dealer or Hapless loud mouthed Rah Rah Pillock? Whatever, The Trumpet are proud to stick the boot in...

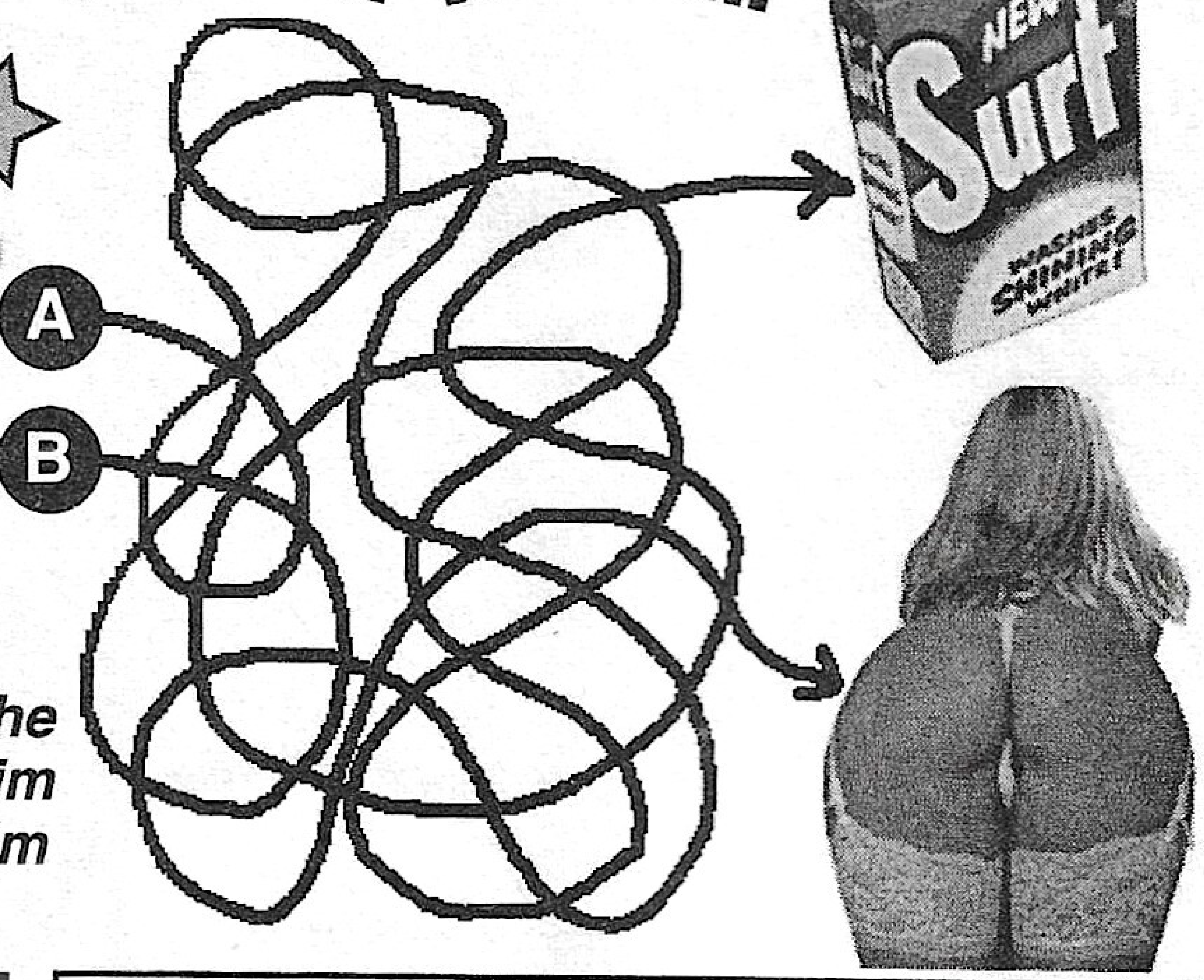
Lawro's Puzzle Page

With Prizes

LINE-OUT LOLLY

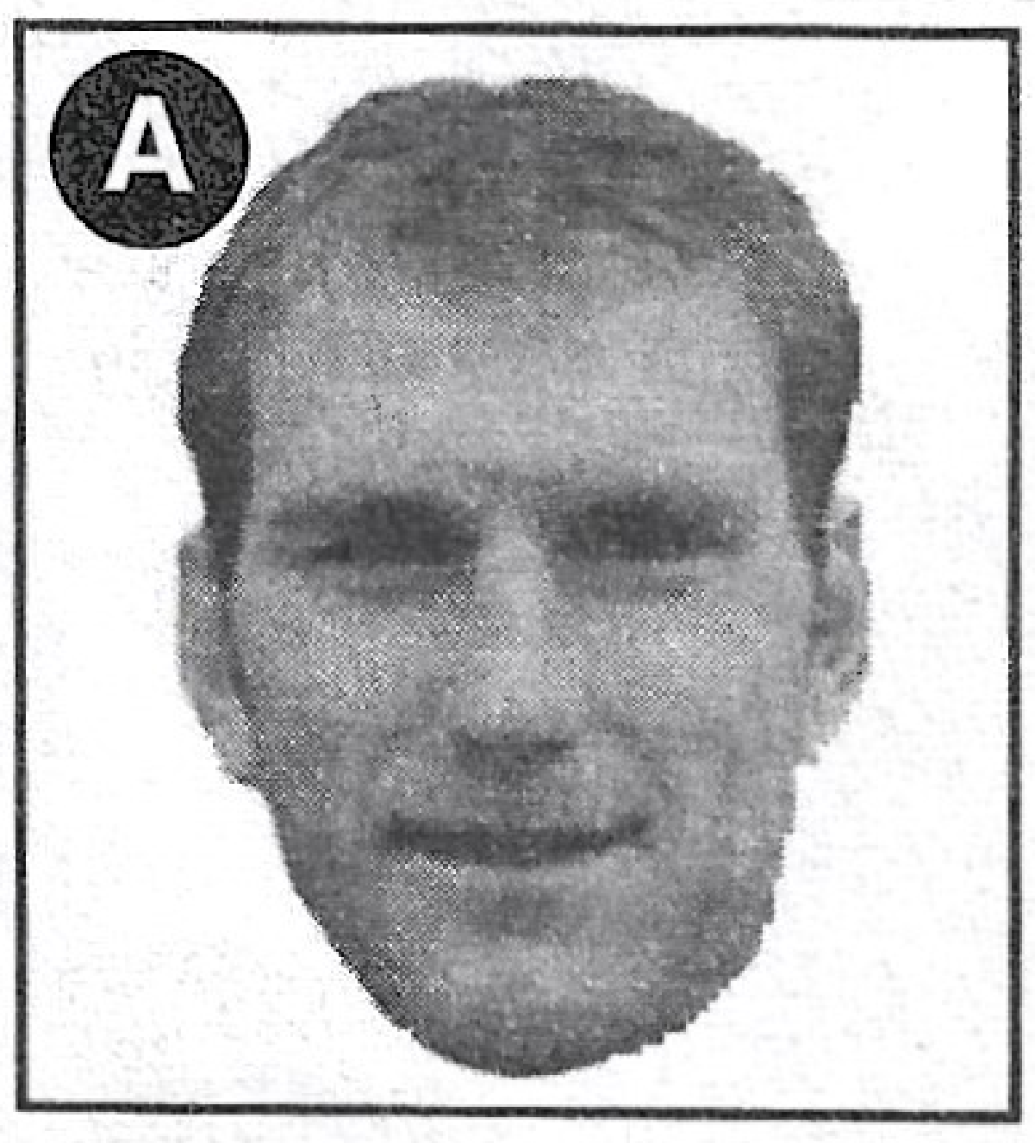
A RUCKSACK FULL OF COKE MUST BE WON!

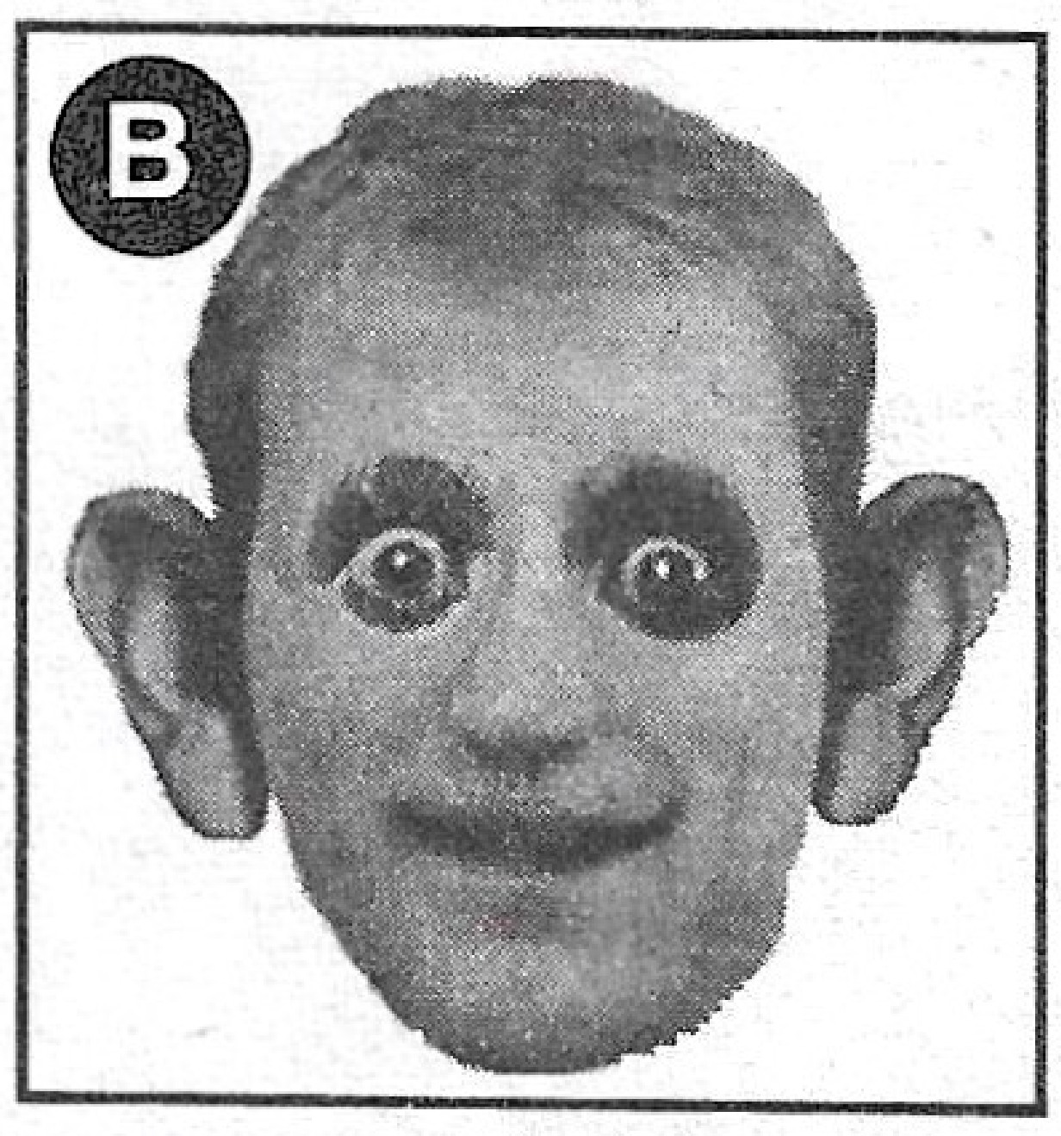
WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN!



Lawrence is attempting to snort a line off the bum of a whore. But which line will make him 'think he's Jesus' and which one will land him in casualty?

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE





Win half an hour with a top London Slapper

Closely study these two pictures of Lawrence (One was taken immediately after a game, the other a few hours later). Then circle the differences for a chance to win 30 minutes with one of the capital's leading Old Dirts. (She'll do the knotted string up the arse trick and everything).

WORDSEARCH

Win a pair of the most disturbing dolls you've ever seen in your life

Simply solve the word grid below for a chance to win this pair of nightmare inducing monstrosities. Concrete proof that random drug tests in the Toy manufacturing industry are long over due.

COCAINE
CHARLIE
NOSE CANDY
THE DEVILS DANDRUFF
COKE
MARCHING TACKLE
FUN DUST
WHITE LINE FEVER

P O O R O L D L A W R
E N C E F O U R H U N
D R E D G R A N D A Y
E A R W O R S E O F F
F O R B R A G G I N G
T O S O M E T A R T A
B O U T T A K I N G D
R U G S S T I L L H E
C A N A L W A Y S G O
B A C K T O S E L L I
N G T H E S T U F F !

LAWRO'S LETTER LADDER

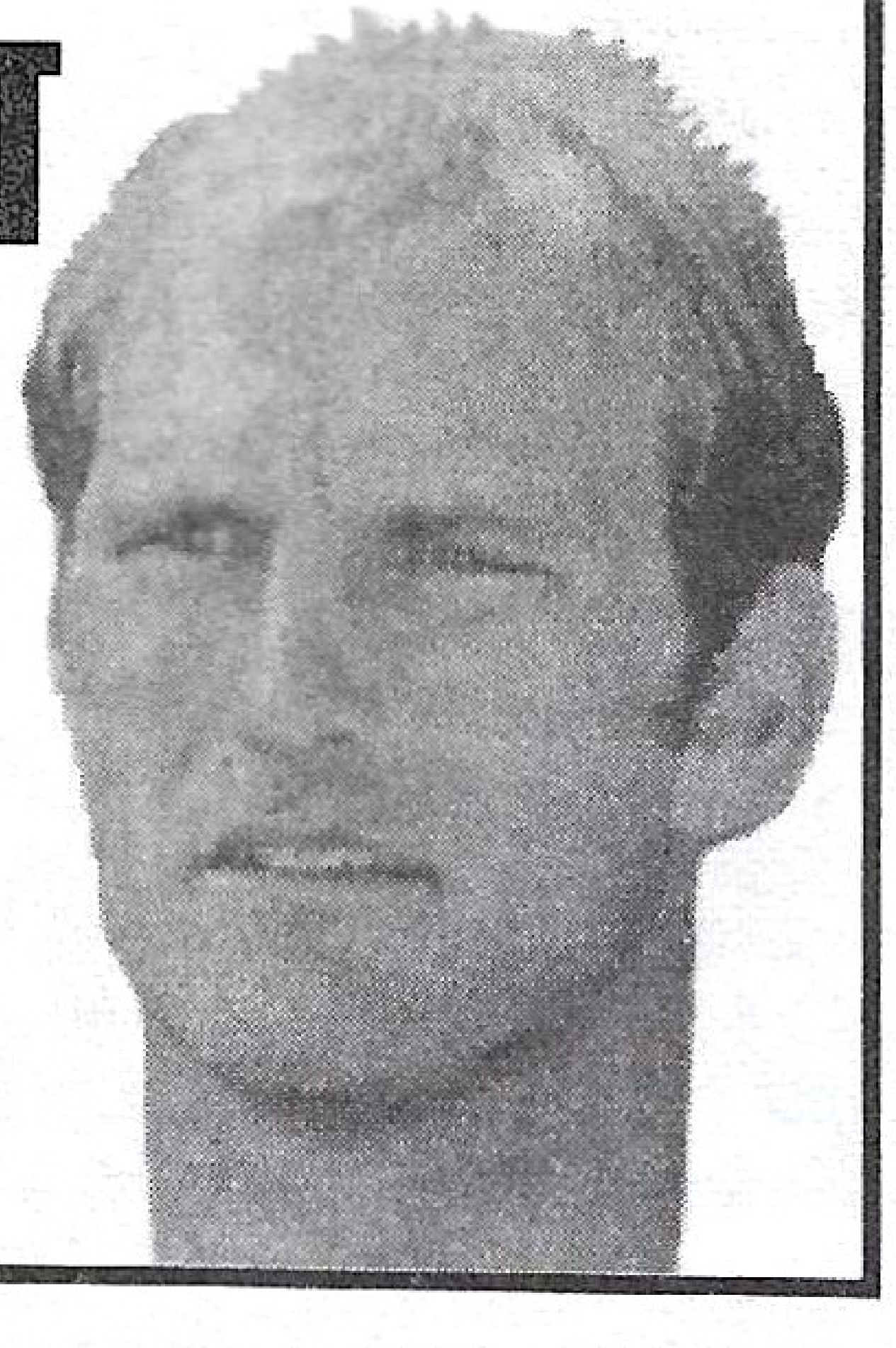
WIN A KETTLE FULL OF CANNABIS

Fill in each step by changing one letter at a time as you climb down from the top words to the bottom ones

RUGBY	PLAYER
DRUGS	PUSHER

DALLAGLIO'S DINGBAT

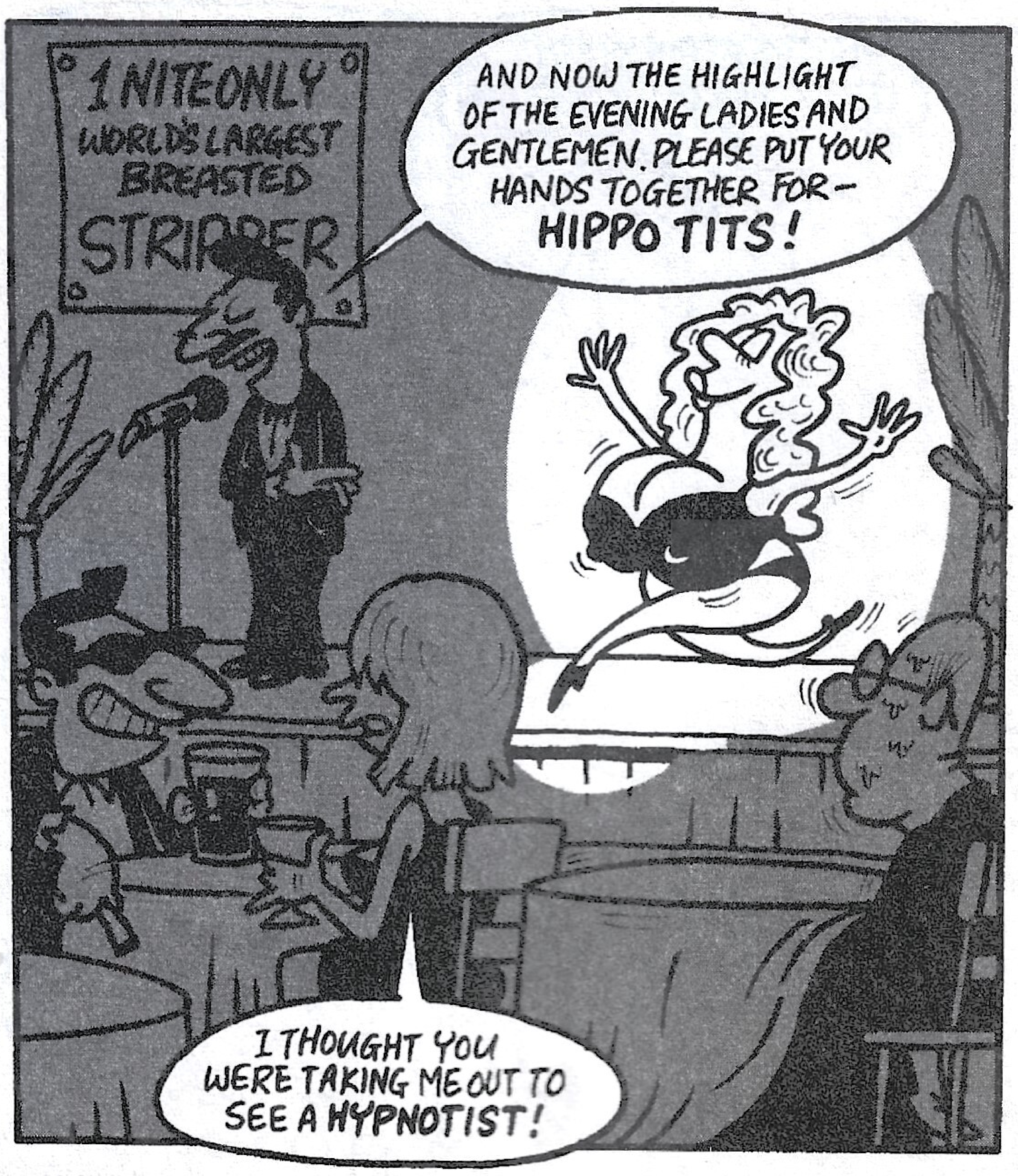
Can you work out the popular phrase?



→ CLASS
CLASS RRRR

PAID

ANSWER: Over paid, upper class arse.


1 NITE ONLY
WORLD'S LARGEST BREASTED STRIPPER
AND NOW THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. PLEASE PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR - HIPPO TITS!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE TAKING ME OUT TO SEE A HYPNOTIST!

Zit
ISSUE 110

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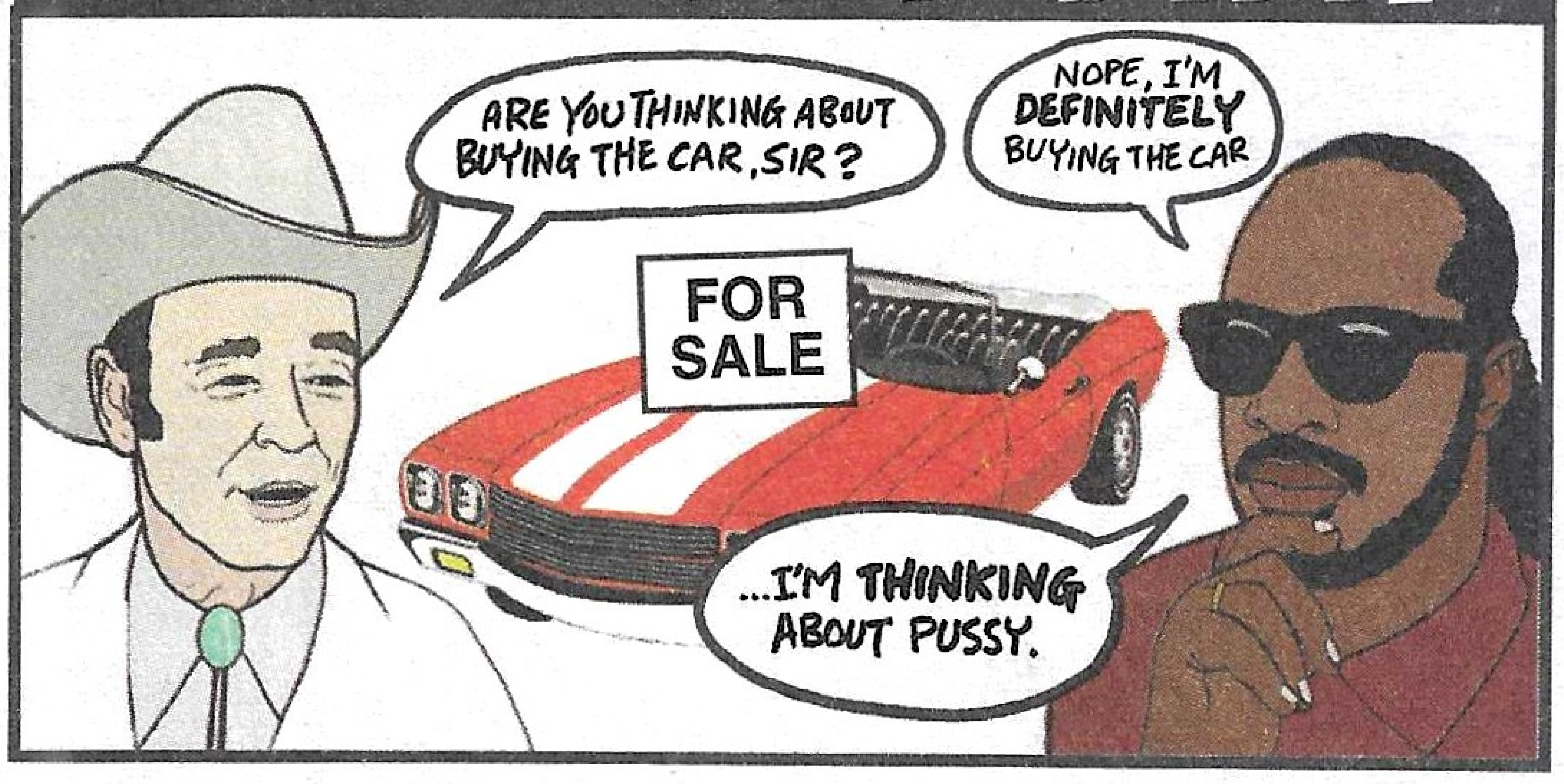
WILLY THE PIMP


ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT BUYING THE CAR, SIR?
NOPE, I'M DEFINITELY BUYING THE CAR
FOR SALE
...I'M THINKING ABOUT PUSSY.

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WHIZZ BUSH!

Hey children, ain't you tired of pumping your head full of cheap dirty amphetamine yet? You know it's been cut with everything from stale self raising flour to radioactive ash dug up from the heart of the Chernobyl explosion site.

It can't be doing your giblets any good now can it? Let alone your pecker. Well *never again* need your body be destroyed in order to be able to drink more! At last, thanks to a revolutionary technique perfected by BBC gardening gaylord Alan Titchmarsh, crisp, ripe, pure speed can be yours every day - and all for absoluteley bastard bloody **free**!

Imagine waking up in the morning, scratching at your arse and / or bollocks, then running, faster than the wind, straight over to your lush, luxurious drug shrub. What's that hanging from the branches? Ha ha, why they're lovely **fat wraps**! Harvest yourself a tasty crop to snort over breakfast. By the time you've sucked them up, even more will have grown, plump and ready to take at work. Subscribe to Zit now and enjoy the remainder of your small, insignificant life in the **fast** lane.

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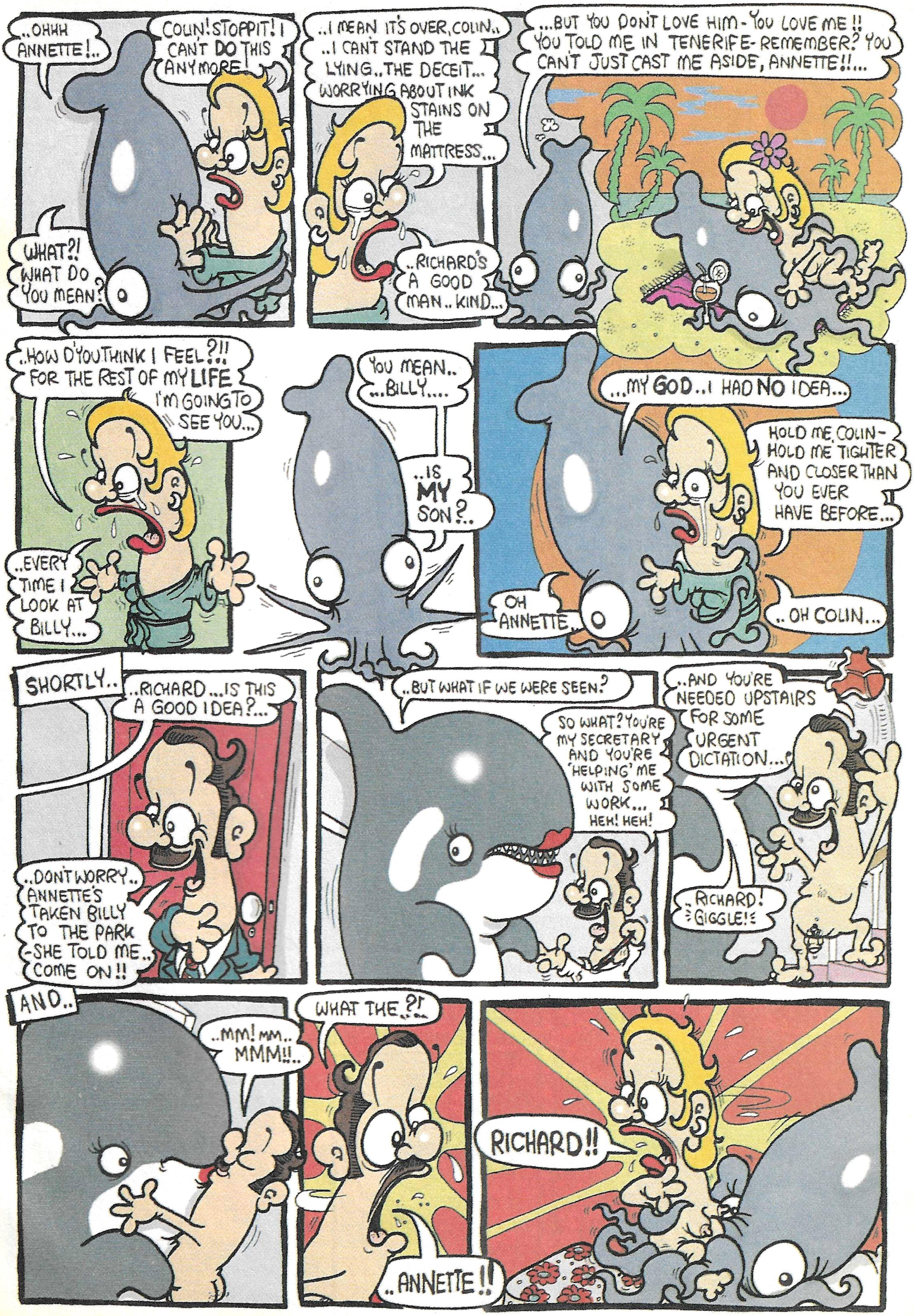
Billy the Squid

..MUM.. WHERE DO BABIES COME FROM?...
..NOT THIS AGAIN, BILLY... IT'S TOO EARLY!.. COME ON, EAT YOUR PLANKTON.
..BUT MUM-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHERE DID I COME FROM?!...
..YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK YOUR DAD...
..ASK ME WHAT?..
DAD..HOW WAS I BORN?..
HA!HA! WELL NOW.. ..IT'S LIKE THIS...
..YOUR MUM AND I LOVE EACH OTHER VERY MUCH.. AND WE HOPED AND HOPED WE'D HAVE A LITTLE BOY.. AAAND ONE DAY YOU POPPED OUT OF MUMMY'S TUMMY... SEE?..YOU ARE HERE 'COS ME AN' MUM LOVE EACH OTHER-THAT'S RIGHT-ISN'T IT, PET?...
YES..THAT'S.. ...RIGHT...
..I'M OFF THEN- SEE YOU LATER!..
..BUT MUM! I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND!! WHY DO I LOOK DIFFERENT TO THE OTHER KIDS?..
...AND WHY DOES MR. BLUBBER NEXT DOOR KEEP SMILING AT YOU?......
..NO MORE QUESTIONS BILLY....
..GO OUTSIDE AND PLAY IN THE GARDEN OR SOMETHING..
BING BONG!
COLIN!!
..ANNETTE.. I.. HAD TO SEE YOU...
..I'M SORRY.. I JUST NEEDED TO FEEL YOU IN MY TENTACLES AGAIN..
SHH COLIN! BILLY'S OUTSIDE!.


..OHHH ANNETTE!..
COLIN! STOPPIT! I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE!
WHAT?! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
..I MEAN IT'S OVER, COLIN.. ..I CAN'T STAND THE LYING..THE DECEIT... WORRYING ABOUT INK STAINS ON THE MATTRESS...
..RICHARD'S A GOOD MAN..KIND...
...BUT YOU DON'T LOVE HIM- YOU LOVE ME!! YOU TOLD ME IN TENERIFE- REMEMBER? YOU CAN'T JUST CAST ME ASIDE, ANNETTE!!...
..HOW D'YOU THINK I FEEL?!! FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE I'M GOING TO SEE YOU...
..EVERY TIME I LOOK AT BILLY...
YOU MEAN.. ...BILLY....
..IS MY SON?..
...MY GOD..I HAD NO IDEA...
HOLD ME, COLIN- HOLD ME TIGHTER AND CLOSER THAN YOU EVER HAVE BEFORE...
OH ANNETTE..
..OH COLIN...
SHORTLY..
..RICHARD...IS THIS A GOOD IDEA?...
..DON'T WORRY.. ANNETTE'S TAKEN BILLY TO THE PARK -SHE TOLD ME.. COME ON!!
..BUT WHAT IF WE WERE SEEN?
SO WHAT? YOU'RE MY SECRETARY AND YOU'RE 'HELPING' ME WITH SOME WORK... HEH! HEH!
..AND YOU'RE NEEDED UPSTAIRS FOR SOME URGENT DICTATION...!
..RICHARD! GIGGLE!
AND..
..MM! MM.. MMM!!..
WHAT THE ?!
..ANNETTE!!
RICHARD!!

...WHY YOU CHEAP, TWO-TIMING SLAG!!
ME?!
..WHAT ABOUT FISHY FANNY?! WHO'S SHE THEN?!...
SQUIRT!
..YOU BITCH!!
..DON'T YOU RAISE YOUR FIST AT ME!
SHRIEK!
OUTSIDE
SCREAM!
YELL!
CRASH!
..MUM?...DAD?... :SNIFF:..WHY ARE YOU FIGHTING..? :SNIFF:
..OH MY GOD.......BILLY!!
..ITS ALRIGHT, LITTLE FELLA!..YOUR MUM AND I ARE HAVING A..LITTLE DISAGREEMENT....BUT NOW I'VE SEEN YOU...I FEEL VERY STUPID ABOUT WHAT I'VE DONE :SNIFF: ..AND I WANT TO TELL YOUR MUM..HOW SORRY I AM.. ..AND HOW MUCH SHE MEANS TO ME... :SNIFF!:
..AND THAT I'LL NEVER FORGET HOW CLOSE I CAME TO LOSING THE ..SNIFF! MOST WONDERFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD...
:SNIFF!:
...ALL FOR SOME CHEAP, MEANINGLESS SEX WITH MARINE ANIMALS...
OH! THANKS VERY MUCH!!
..OH RICHARD..
..WE'VE BEEN SUCH FOOLS!
...I'M SORRY, DIANE.. YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME....
WRITHE!
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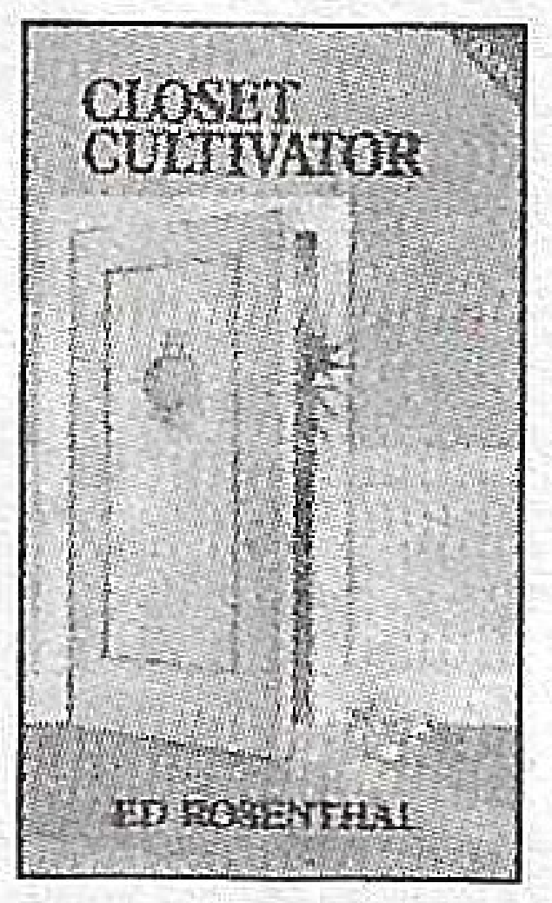
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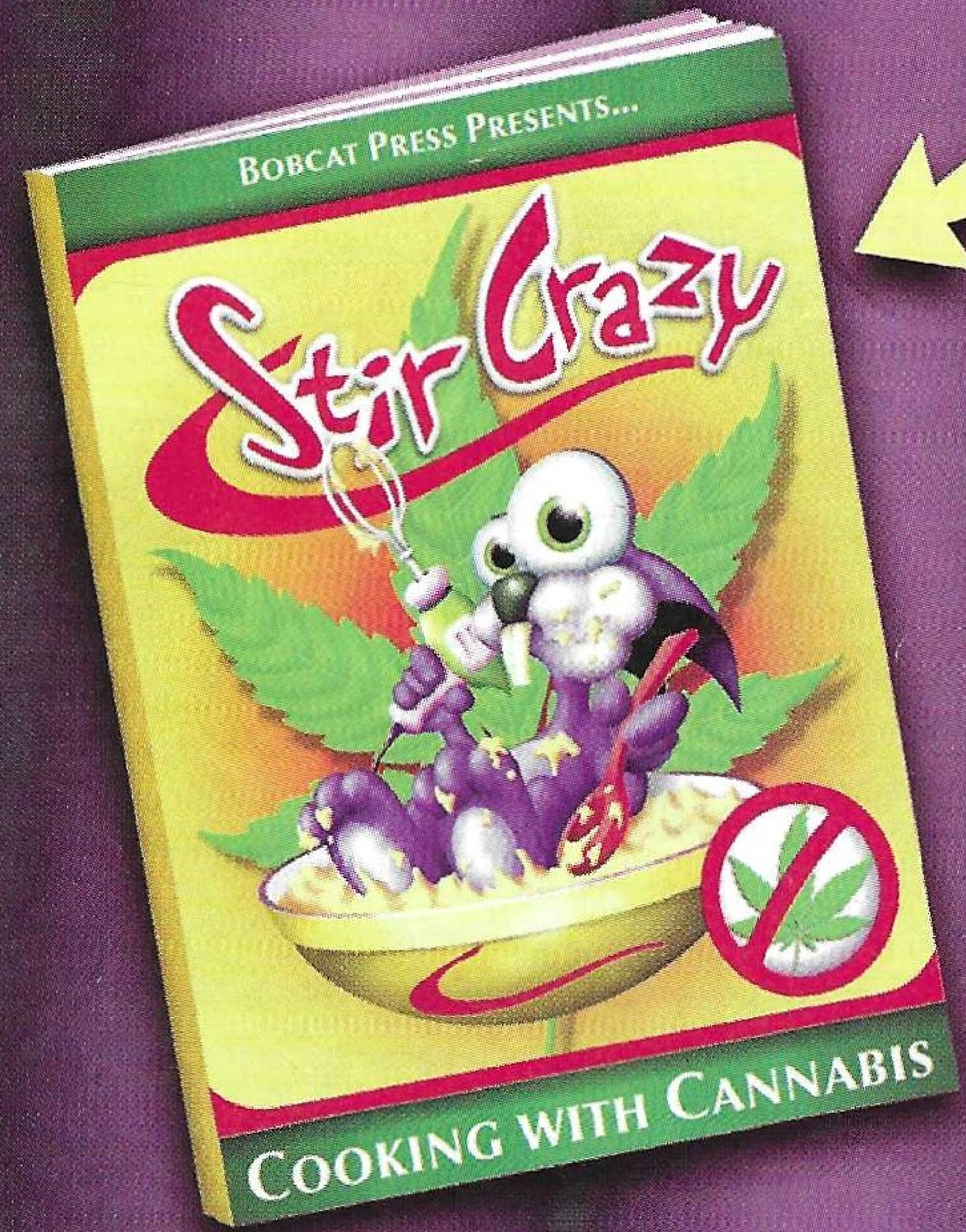

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